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MELODRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY J. M. STEWART.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
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CHARACTERS:

JAMES ROCHESTER,—[assumed name,] Clerk in the employ of Grogram & Staytape, mercers, in the city.

LOUIS WESTING,—Rich and idle,—in love with Mrs. Rochester.

SIR HUGH DENLEIGH,—of Denleigh Manor.

JOSHUA HICKS,—a Shaker,—member of a small society recently established near London.

NED BUNT,—a Yorkshire lad.

BOWSER,—a Policeman—new to the business.

MRS. ANNA ROCHESTER,—daughter of Sir Hugh Denleigh, wife of James Rochester.

MILLY BLOOM,—Mrs. Rochester's maid;—an American girl, who has a will and a way of her own.

MOTHER STUBBS,—charwoman and rag-gatherer.

MARTHON,—Queen of the Gypsies.

Gypsies, laborers, and Shaker men and women.

☞ *The scene of the principal incidents of the play is laid in the suburbs of the city of London, near the river Thames.*

DISENCHANTED.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A cottage* L. BACK, *with window and practicable door opening upon a porch at the side. On the right of cottage is a lawn, and a garden with shrubbery. In the distance* R. *is the river, with villas along its banks. and in the far background are hills and farming scenes.* MRS. ROCHESTER *is sitting on a rustic settee near* L. 3 E. *sewing.*

(*Enter* MILLY BLOOM, *from the cottage.*)

MILLY. Of all the overgrown boobies in this blessed world, Ned Bunt is the innocentest.

MRS. ROCHESTER. What is the matter with Ned, Milly?

MILLY. Why, he says we ought to have a Yorkshire pudding for the out-door supper this evening.

MRS. R. A Yorkshire pudding is very good; but it is not quite proper for tea.

MILLY. So I told the booby; but he only stared at me like a great calf (*imitating him*) and said: "Anan! Missis."

MRS. R. Ned seems to be very fond of you.

MILLY. He! He's a lout! But give me a lout before a loon, for a husband, I say.

MRS. R. You are very severe, Milly. You say things sometimes that only my strong friendship can overlook and excuse. Be patient, dear girl; help me to be brave in my trial. I hope that the world will some day approve my choice of a husband.

MILLY. (*with emotion*) Forgive me, darling. You know how well I love you.

MRS. R. I know it, dear. All is forgiven. Is everything prepared for the supper?

MILLY. All except the seed-cakes from the shop.

MRS. R. Then please send Ned for them directly. He is a faithful boy, and very good.

MILLY. Yes; Ned's as good's a yearling baby half full of paragoric. (*Exit into the cottage.*)

MRS. R. (*musingly*) This is the first anniversary evening of my wedding. Heigho! Am I happy?—(*Sighs*) Ah! am I? I was my father's "motherless darling," as he used to call me. Contrary to his wishes, I married. (*sighs*) It was suddenly done. I was young—impulsive; James was handsome—sad. I pitied, loved, and gave him my hand. Was it wisely done? (*muses silently for a moment*) He has faults, which he tries to amend under my teaching; is poor, but that is only a misfortune. Yes; I have promised to "love, honor and obey him;" and, God helping me, I will do so. (*calls*) Milly! Milly!

MILLY. (*entering from the cottage*) Here I am, my precious. You needn't call Milly twice. Once is enough to bring her to you, wherever she may be.

MRS. R. You try to spoil me, dear; but you cannot do it.

MILLY. Some things are better for being spoiled.

MRS. R. From the way that you turn up your nose, Milly, I judge you must be thinking of Limburger cheese. (*laughs.*)

MILLY. Faugh! Miss Anna. I can think of a thousand better things than that, if you take it in that way.

MRS. R. Give me one example.

MILLY. A dead Indian; gone to the happy scalping grounds. *That* spoils the Indian.

MRS. R. (*laughing*) Very good, Milly. I have no doubt that the process improves him. Now will you please look down the back street and see if my Jamie is coming?

MILLY. (*aside*) Her Jamie! Ugh! It's a shame,

—that it is, for my dear girl to be so carried away with that——but no matter;—we shall see. (*Exit* L. 3 E., *returning quickly. To Mrs. R.*) He's just coming up to the turnstile.

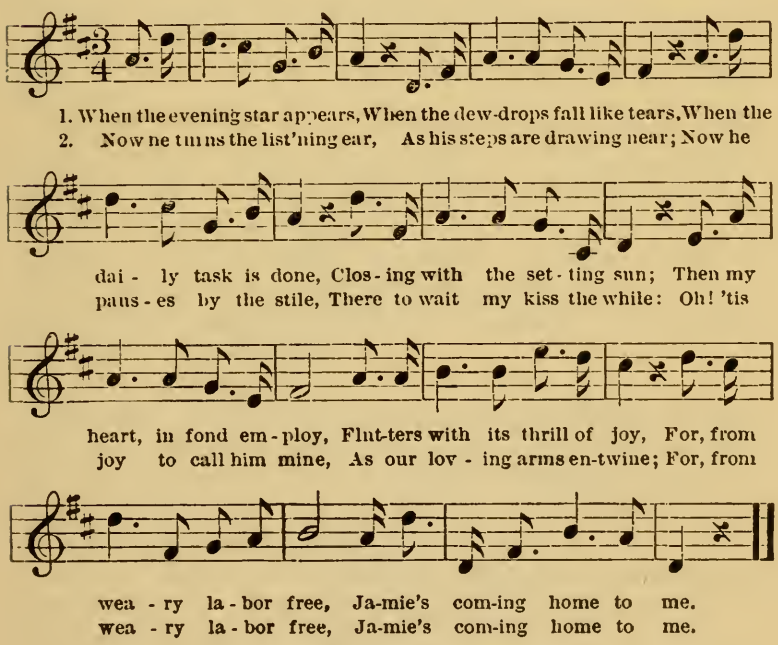
MRS. R. Is he looking happy and buoyant now, Milly?

MILLY. Can't say that I discover any great change in his appearance. You know that I am not apt to study him very closely.

MRS. R. Is he alone?

MILLY. Yes, dear. (*Exit into the cottage.*)

MRS. R. Then he shall again hear my evening song of welcome, that I used to sing to him during our honeymoon. (*Goes to* L. 3 E. *and sings:*



(*Exit* L. 3 E., *returning quickly with Mr. Rochester.*)

MRS. R. Home again, Jamie.

ROCHESTER. Yes, dear; home again;—and *such* a home! and *such* a loving wife to welcome me! You are my h'evening star, Anna.

MRS. R. Jamie, am I as a star to you?

ROCH. The brightest, dear.

MRS. R. Then, believe me, that, constant as yon beautiful orb, (*pointing upward*) now burning thro' the evening sky, so will I ever shine for my husband while he loves me.

ROCH. Anna, you are truly noble. You took me in my poverty, when rich men were trying to win the 'and of the young lily of Denleigh Manor. I am poor; but I am h'upright. 'Ow could you stoop to one so lowly?

MRS. R. Ask me not, Jamie. Let your own soul answer the question. I chose you because I pitied you in your poverty and loved you.

ROCH. For my sake you left a splendid 'ome; on account of me your proud father threatens to disin-'erit you.

MRS. R. True it is, Jamie, that he has withdrawn his love from me. (*sighs*) I am sometimes very sad when I think of it. But my husband loves me, does he not, Jamie.

ROCH. Never doubt it, dear. I would give up h'everything—even my club—for you.

MRS. R. (*slightly confused*) Is this one of your club nights, husband?

ROCH. Yes, Anna.

MRS. R. Will you stay at home to-night? I have planned a little surprise for you. This day is the first anniversary of our wedding. Suppose that we celebrate it by having our tea here on the lawn, by the moonlight and starlight.

ROCH. By Jove! that'll be bully,——I mean it is a capital idea. 'Ow old Grogram would stare if he could see me 'ere so 'appy!

MRS. R. (*raising her hand chidingly*) You prom-

ised that you would not speak so unpleasantly about Mr. Grogram, your employer.

ROCH. True, true, dear. It's low,—I should not; but I can't quite conquer the h'old 'abit, you know. I shall be very glad to take tea with you 'ere on the lawn, and to stay at 'ome to-night, h'although I promised to meet some gentlemen at the club, on h'important business.

MRS. R. What do you do at the club, Jamie?—You have never told me.

ROCH. (*confused*) O— aw— we do a thousand things that you couldn't h'understand. When shall we 'ave our tea?

MRS. R. Directly. (*calls*) Milly! Milly! come here with Ned.

(*Enter Milly and Ned from the cottage—she running and leading him.*)

NED. Here we be's, mum—axing pardings,—but she drawed me arter 'er.

MILLY. Indeed, Miss Anna and Mister James, he wouldn't let go my hand, which he was a-squeezing like a vise, with his great paw.

NED. Aw! noa, lass; taat weant t'way o'it. (*To Mrs. R.*) She wor a-pinchin moi arum, Missus, an' oi wor a-troyin' to mak' her let goo.

MRS. R. Never mind telling now, Ned. You and Milly may fetch the table out and spread it for tea here on the lawn. (*Exit Milly and Ned into the cottage.*) (*To Rochester*) Shall we take a walk in the garden, Jamie, while they prepare the table?

ROCH. Capital thought! Anna. I will pull a white rose for you to wear. (*Exit both, arm-in-arm,* R. 3 E.)

(*Enter from the cottage Milly and Ned, fetching a table which they place near* L. 2 E.—*Ned having a tea-urn, full of water, in his hand.*)

MILLY. Mind what you're about, Ned, and don't scald yourself with the hot tea.

NED. Steddy, laas!—steddy, noo! tell'ee. 'Fegs!

beant it hot? Steddy, noo! Dang! but thee's done it, arter aw. (*Tilts the tea urn and scalds his hand,—then dances with pain around the stage, blowing and sucking his fingers.*) Ow! wow! fire an' poother! hoo it do boorne an' bleesther!

MILLY. (*soothingly*) Never care, Ned; never care. I'll put some arniky on it that'll cure it before you can say Tuscarora Tom with your mouth shut.

NED. Who be's Tuscaroa Tom, Milly? Ow! ow! (*sucking his fingers*) Who be's taat chop?

MILLY. O—he's nobody that you know. He has a pack of patent Indians—something new in the wigwam line,—that whoop, and yell, and kick their wives real natural. (*exit into the cottage.*)

NED. Ecod! oi wish it wor t'patent Eenjun taat wor boornt instead o' oi. (*shaking his hand.*) Missis Milly she be's so loively an' seech a sweet lass taat oi can't holp a-loavin' her. She's a rare un, she be's.

MILLY. (*comes out upon the porch with a sugar bowl*) Here, Ned, set this on the table. Keep your burnt fingers away from the sugar. (*Hands the bowl to him and exit.*)

(*As Ned places the bowl upon the table, he gazes longingly at the sugar—takes up a lump, but replaces it, shaking his head.*)

NED. Na, noa; it weant do—it weant do. It do looke noice an' whoite; but it wor na made for t'loike o' oi. Oi be mortal hoongry; but oi canna tak' it,—it beant moine.

MILLY. (*entering with a plate of cakes which she places on the table*) Ned Bunt, you are a good, honest boy,—honest as a bran new deacon. Every lump of sugar is still in the bowl.

NED. An' wha' wudn't it be there, Missis Milly, when your ain pooty fingers pit it there? Tell'ee wot, laas, it beant hof sa whoite an' sweet as thee be'st.

MILLY. Well, Ned, that's very polite, I'm sure; and I'm much obleeged to you. It isn't every Yorkshire lad that'd be so honest as you, not by a jailfull

of scamps: and it isn't every one that could be so complimentary,—not by five cents' worth of dudes. That's what's making me eenymost love you. (*looking at him coyly.*)

NED. (*loutishly attempting to hug her*) O laas! O laas! wull'ee loave me.

MILLY. (*indignantly drawing back*) Be quiet, you sheepish lout! I ain't for such as you,—not by a dollar and forty cents,—that is (*coquettishly*) —not ——perhaps. But go and fetch chairs, and then call the folks to tea.

NED. (*fetching two chairs from the cottage, which he places by the table, turns and calls loudly*) Measther an' Missus—sooper be aw reddy.

MILLY. Who taught you to bawl so, like a great bull calf, you oaf? Come with me; I'll teach you how to call people to the table. (*leads him across to* L. 3 E., *where* ROCH. *and* MRS. R. *are entering, courtsies to them*) Mr. and Mrs. Rochester, tea is on the table.

NED. (*imitating her*) Measther an' Missus Rochester, tea be's on t'table.

(ROCH. *and* MRS. R. *laughing, cross over and take seats at the table.* MILLY *and* NED *remain back, she mocking and teasing him for a while, then both exit into the cottage.*)

ROCH. By Jove! Anna, this is crack and jolly—I mean: this is very nice. Such a stunning spread,—and such a sweet wifey to pour tea for a poor, hungry chap. How old Grogram would——I beg pardon, dear. Can't 'elp slipping back a little, when I'm h'excited, in spite of h'all your h'instruction.—But who is the man that seems to be 'elping Milly?

MRS. R. He is a Yorkshire lad,—patient, industrious—a good gardener. I hired him several days ago. Milly asures me he is honest.

ROCH. Ahem! Is Milly——that is—do you think that she is honest?

MRS. R. Why, husband, you surprise and pain me by intimating a doubt of her honesty.

ROCH. (*confused*) I didn't mean it, h'Anna; but servants are low people, you know, and you can't h'always trust them.

MRS. R. Milly is not a low person. She is more my friend than my servant. I never call her servant; she would resent that as the deepest indignity. She became, as I have told you, deeply attached to me when I was traveling in America with my father, last year, and, in pure love, consented to come with me to England, as my maid. She is not at all mercenary; for, as you know, when my father turned me away from his door, after our marriage, in a torrent of anger she upbraided him, and refused his offer of a large sum of money if she would leave me.

ROCH. Pardon me, Anna. I was h'only joking, you know. She shall stay with you h'always. By Jove! this tea set is 'andsome. You never told me 'ow you got it.

MRS. R. It was given me by my mother, in her will,—this, together with a thousand pounds.

ROCH. With that thousand pound you bought this cottage 'ome and gave it to me. I 'ope the chances of business will never deprive us of it.

MRS. R. Chances of business! Jamie,—how can they affect our little property?

ROCH. I didn't say they could, dear; I was h'only joking, don't you know?

MRS. R. Then, Jamie, don't do it any more, please. Jokes of that sort give me a little uneasiness. I know my husband means only pleasantry; but it pains me.

(*Enter* R. 2 E. *a man, who crosses over and hands a letter to Rochester.*)

ROCH. (*scrutinizing the envelope in various positions*) By Jove! this is h'odd. I wonder what's in this. I ain't used to this sort of thing, you know,—Who can be writing to me, and sending the letter in this way? What do you think, Anna? Perhaps some one 'as written to tell me that a h'old h'uncle

'as come from h'India with lots of money for me.—Perhaps h'it's a challenge. (*trembles and offers her the letter*) Will you see what it is, h'Anna?

MRS. R. When people receive letters, husband, they open and read them.

ROCH. That's so, by Jove! Never thought of that. (*opens the envelope in agitation and takes out a card*) Ha! 'ow's this? (*reads*) "So—sow—sowvenire. Presented by James Rochester, shopman, with Grogram & Staytape, Mercers, Strand, opposite Threadneedle Lane." Ha! ha! ho! ho! This is a jolly go. My h'own card, which somebody 'as sent to me, and he's written sowvenire on top of it. Wot's sowvenire? (*Hands the card to Mrs. R.*)

MRS. R. (*turning the card, reads*) "Mr. Louis Westing presents compliments, and would be happy to call."

ROCH. Westing! Westing! 'Ow now? O—yes, I remember. He's a real topsawyer of a fellow—— I mean to say: he's a jolly fine gentleman that came h'into our shop the other day. While I was a-waiting on 'im, I 'appened to speak of you and our 'ome, and he said he would like to call on you; so I gave 'im my card and told 'im to come h'on. (*To the man*) Here, you—tell the gentleman to come h'in.

(*Exit man* R. 2 E.)

MRS. R. Is it not somewhat dangerous, husband, to trust chance acquaintances to such an extent?

ROCH. That's h'all right, Anna. That's the way with business men, you know. Besides, he's got lots of money.

MRS. R. But is he honorable,—one that would be a proper social friend?

ROCH. By Jove! he's a——

(*Enter* WESTING, L. 2 E., *who crosses to the table, bowing.*)

ROCH. (*rising*) My dear Mr. Westing, most 'eartily welcome. My wife Sir, that you said you were dying to see. (*introducing him.*)

(MRS. R. *rises, and she and* WEST. *bow.*)

WEST. My dear sir—your hand;—yours, madam, *sil vous plait.* (*Shakes hands with both.*)

ROCH. (*laughing*) That's good, by Jove! only she isn't silver plate; she's solid silver, clear through.

WEST. (*aside*) Ignorant puppy! (*to Roch.*) Your joke, my dear sir, is very happy. The picture which you attempted to draw of your lovely wife and your beautiful home so captivated me that I could not resist the temptation to drive out here, and see if the reality is half so fair (*bows to Mrs. R.*) as you drew.

ROCH. What do you think about it now, my dear Westing?

WEST. (*aside*) Familiar fool! But she is lovely—a true-born lady. Is she weak? Must have been, to marry such an ass. I shall soon learn. (*to Roch.*) Pardon my abstraction; I was busy for a moment with on agreeable recollection. I cannot give you credit for high descriptive powers. Your language was too tame; it lacked the vivid coloring which marks an appreciative soul. But, after all, who can, in language, rival nature, in presenting a scene where everything is so fair? (*with a gesture towards the cottage and garden*) and, (*bowing to Mrs. R.*) who would dare to paint, when the grace of high breeding and the polish of education have done their work so well.

(*Mrs. R. evinces a little displeasure.*)

ROCH. (*applauding noisily with his hands*) Very good; very good, my dear Westing, and you're welcome. (*to Mrs R.*) My dear, you second me, you know, in welcoming my friend Westing.

MRS. R. (*to Westing*) Whatever is a true joy to my husband, sir, pleases me.

ROCH. Come, Westing, join us at tea.

WEST. (*aside*) Impertinent ass! (*to Roch.*) To be thus honored by you, and gratified by the presence of your adorable wife, lifts me to the summit of happiness.

ROCH. Uncommon good of you to say so, Westing. (*to Mrs. R.*) My dear, don't you think we're in luck to secure such a tip-top h'acquaintance as my friend Westing?

MRS, R. (*uneasily*) Your real friends, James, cannot fail to become mine.

WEST. Thanks, heartily, my dear madam. I take your words to my heart.

ROCH. (*calling loudly*) Milly! Milly! here, you Milly. (MILLY *enters from the cottage.*) Here—fetch a chair for my friend Westing.

(*Enter* NED L. 3 E. *with a lawn chair in his hand.* MILLY *seizes it; Ned resists for a moment, and finally both carry it to the table.* (*Exit Ned*, L. 2 E.)

MRS. R., ROCH *and* WEST. *take seats at the table.*)

WEST. Even your servants, my dear madam, appear anxious to prove to me that I am welcome.

(MILLY *regards him angrily, and is on the point of speaking.*)

(MRS. R. There, there, Milly dear; please close your lips very tightly.

(MILLY *mutters* "Humph!" *and both she and* NED *retire towards the door of the cottage—she tossing her head angrily.*)

MRS. R. (*to West.*) You will please pardon my maid, Mr. Westing. She is a high-spirited American girl, and is very resentful when any one calls her a servant. In America, Yankee girls are called "helps," not "servants."

WEST. (*looking at Milly through his eye-glass*) An American girl! I never saw a genuine specimen before.

(MRS. R. *pours tea for West.*)

ROCH. Although it isn't strictly according to the rules of etti—ettiketty, as my wife says, to drink wine with tea, yet, h'on this occasion, so jolly, by Jove? let's drop ceremony, and drink to long h'ac-

quaintance and friendship.

(MRS. R. *manifests uneasiness.*)

WEST. (*aside*) Insufferable snob!—and he the husband—the master of this lovely woman! (*to R.*) Nothing more proper, I assure you, sir, than the setting aside all formal rules in such a presence as this. (*bowing to Mrs. R.*)

ROCH. Then, by Jove! we'll do it. (*to Milly, loudly*) Fetch that bottle of wine from the top shelf of the pantry, and some glasses,—and see that you don't break any of them.

(MILLY *starts forward, showing resentment, but pauses, turns, and goes into the cottage.*)

MRS. R. (*rising uneasily*) Had I not better, husband——

ROCH. No, no, Anna; sit down. She'll do it h'all right. Don't be afraid.

(MILLY *hands out to* NED *an uncorked bottle and a tray of glasses.* NED *approaches the table awkwardly, spilling some of the wine on the ground.*)

ROCH. What are you doing, you fool? You're wasting wine that cost me two shillings per yard—— I mean: per bottle.

MRS. R. (*distressed*) Pardon him, my husband. He is unaccustomed to such service.

WEST. (*to Roch*) I, too, crave your pardon for the luckless Ganymede of this symposium; who only intended to pour a libation to Jupiter.

ROCH. (*laughing coarsely—to Ned*) No 'arm done, Granny Mead; you can go.

(*Exit* NED, L. 2 E.)

ROCH. (*to Mrs. R.*) My dear, you must tell me h'all about Granny Mead and Jew Peter sometime. (*to West.*) You don't know what a power of learning she 'as sir. Why, before we were married I——

MRS. R. Your guest is waiting for his wine, husband.

ROCH. That's so, Anna. I was forgetting. (*To West., pouring wine into his glass*) Look at the sparkle, my dear fellow. That wine is——nobody knows 'ow old. Shall we drink a toast?

MRS. R. I think you had better omit the toast, husband.

ROCH. That's what they do at h'all the bid dinners that I've read about.

WEST. I agree with Mrs. Rochester. This is a social occasion.

ROCH. But we'll do a part of h'it, as we do at the club sometimes; so—(*elevating his glass*)

'Ere's to yours,—'eres to mine,—
And down goes the wine.

(*drinks*) Ha! ha! (*hic*) That's—that's the way to make h'acquaintances. Anna, (*hic*) won't you take a little?

(MRS. R. *shakes her head without replying.* WEST. *drinks sparingly*—ROCH. *more copiously.*)

(*Enter Marthon, the Gypsy Queen,* R. 3 E., *pausing and pointing her fingers scornfully towards Roch. and West.*)

MARTHON. (*aside*) Ha-ha! ha-ha! the fly and the spider!—the fool and the fooler! The spider is tempting the fly! he is shrewd, cunning and treacherous. Westing, spider! I am thy track, and I will some day crush thee for the wrong done to me and mine. Natton, pride of our tribe ere his polluting hand was laid upon you, you shall be avenged; but the time is not yet,—not yet,—not yet! (*advances to the table.*) My pretty lady, and you, gallant gentlemen, cross with silver the palm of the old wise woman, and she will promise you favors and fortunes.

WEST. I do not doubt it, old woman. You have a fortune already manufactured for every fool in the kingdom.

ROCH. (*intoxicated*) Ha! ha! ha! (*hic*) True for you, my (*hic*) boy. She's got a gold box h'under 'er tongue.

WEST. Yes! and a silver key unlocks it.

ROCH. (*hic*) By Jove! prime! Punch couldn't beat that. (*hic*)

(MRS. R. Please go away, good woman; we do not want to have our fortunes told.

ROCH. But we do, my (*hic*) duxy; we want 'er to tell h'us h'all 'bout the (*hic*) gold that's comin' h'over sea for h'us. (*To West.*) Wot d'you (*hic*) say, my boy?

WEST. I agree entirely with your wiser wife, and beg that the woman be dismissed. She is annoying Mrs. Rochester.

ROCH. (*drinks*) Wot! (*hic*) and lose the great fortun' that'll (*hic*) pay h'all my debts?

MRS. R. (*sobbing*) Have you not fortune enough now, husband?

ROCH. (*maudlin*) There, (*hic*) there, there, my duxy. Don't cry—done(*hic*)cry for spilt milk. H'I say—don't cry; h'it makes me feel (*hic*) h'awful!—(*to Marthon*) G'way h'old wise woman—(*hic*) g'way, h'old gold tongue,—h'old queen o' (*hic*) dimuns.—You're makin' my (*hic*) duxy cry.

MRS. R. (*rising from the table, crying*) You will permit me to withdraw, gentlemen; I am taken suddenly ill. (*To Marthon*) Good mother, you must leave the grounds now. (*Gives her money*)

NATTON. (*seizing Mrs. Rochester by the shoulder, and pointing towards Westing*) Ha! the spider! He will catch the fly. The fool will be fooled. (*Exit* R. 3 E.)

(*Exit* MRS. R. *into the cottage. As she retires,* WEST. *arises, and bows profoundly to her.* ROCH. *keeps his seat and noisily applauds.*)

WEST. (*resuming his seat*) My dear sir, do not let this little episode interrupt our conviviality. Mrs. Rochester, I trust, will soon be better and rejoin us.

ROCH. Yes, my boy, (*drinks*) we'll be (*hic*) con-wivial—con(*hic*)wivial. That's the word we use at the club wen (*hic*) h'old friends meet—h'old friends

meet to(*hic*)gether. But I dunno wot's the matter with (*hic*) h'Anna. She's been blue, like, h'all the h'evening,—(*hic*) talked 'bout stars and h'all that.

WEST. She is a star, indeed,—like a gem finely cut but badly set. I trust her illness will not deprive us of the pleasure of her company during the remainder of the evening.

ROCH. H'o! she'll (*hic*) be h'all right and (*hic*) round agin in a minute. She's (*hic*) that fond of—(*hic*) fond of me, that she cant be 'appy with(*hic*) h'out me.

WEST. (*aside*) Strange freak of fortune! Here is a weak, addle-headed, but passably good-looking donkey, the husband of one of the fairest daughters of the land,—a true-born lady—for so her bearing denotes. It were a crime not to break her chain.—(*to Roch.*) You are very fortunate in having such a wife, and such a delightful home to come to, when you escape from the tyranny of employers and the degradation of the yardstick.

ROCH. Hang h'old (*hic*) Grogram! H'I wish somebody'd (*hic*) punch 'is 'ead.

WEST. You are such a spirited and jovial fellow, that I propose a game of cards, to determine whether you or I shall go to the shop to-morrow, and pull Grogram's nose,—the forfeit to be ten pounds.

ROCH. Ha-ha-ha! (*hic*) ho-ho-ho! (*hic*) we'll do h'it, my boy. Pull h'old Grogram's (*hic*) nose! Ha-ha-ha! ho-ho-(*hic*)ho! Le'ss go h'into the 'ouse and (*hic*) play, and keep h'Anna comp'ny.

(*Both arise from the table and go towards the door of the cottage,* ROCH. *staggering.*)

(*Enter* MRS. R., *in tears, meeting them.*)

(*Enter* MARTHON, *unperceived,* R. 1 E., *who menaces Westing in dumb show.*)

MRS. R. O James! O James! falling away so soon, when I thought that I had almost saved you. Let me—oh! let me persuade you to retire. (*to West.*) Do not, I pray you sir, lead my husband astray! He

is easily influenced;—oh! let me save him.

ROCH. It's h'all right, (*hic*) h'all right, h'Anna, my duxy; 'ee's got lots of (*hic*) money, and h'I'll win it and pay h'up wot we h'owe on the 'ouse.

MRS. R. Owe on the house! My husband, what do you mean?

ROCH. (*hic*) Chances—business, you know, (*hic*) duxy; chances, o'——jokin'; h'I was h'only jokin'.

MRS. R. (*in great agitation*) But what do you mean by those awful words—"owe on the house?"

ROCH. (*partially sobered*) Did I say that, (*hic*) Anna? It's h'all a mistake, you know. (*to Westing*) Come h'on, ole boy, (*hic*) We'll 'ave game—cards and keep h'Anna (*hic*) comp'ny. (*Staggers into the house.*)

MRS. R. Oh! Mr. Westing, do not come between my husband and happiness, I beg, I implore you!—He is easily led away; and I try so hard—so hard to be happy with him!

WEST. Happy!—lovely woman; can you—born for a fairer fate,—be happy with *him?*

MRS. R. (*sighing heavily*) It is my duty to love and honor my husband.

WEST. Love! honor! honor a clod like that! O, lady! for such you are,—love, a child of heaven, should not be debased on Earth.

MRS. R. Debased! sir; why do you say those words to me?

WEST. Yes, debased. Do you not see the vast gulf between you and him,—a gulf which neither you nor he can pass? I would save you,—even from yourself,—disenchant you. (*takes her hand*) Do not, O, lady! do not waste so precious an emotion upon a creature such as he who calls you "wife." Wife! The dove does not mate with the jackdaw.

(*She flings his hand from her, and goes into the cottage.* ROCH. *comes to the door—she clinging beseechingly to him.*)

ROCH. (*rudely repulsing her*) Mrs. (*hic*) Rochester, g'way. H'I'm master 'ere. (*to West.*) Come h'in,

h'old chap; h'I'm master 'ere. We'll 'ave—game—(*hic*) cards, you know, and keep h'Anna comp'ny.

(*Exit* ROCH. *and* MRS. R.

WEST. A clod! an imbecile! a brute like that to stand between her and her true happiness! Perish the thought! She is adorable! adorable! and she shall be mine; I swear it, by Eros! Not to win her from such an idiot, were worse than folly. Who was she? (*musing*) Her features are not unknown to me. I have surely seen her before. But, whoever she was, she is now living in a false position. She is half disenchanted now; she shall be wholly so. Her pure soul, looking out from her starry eyes, almost wins me to virtue. I will be her champion. I am already her lover. She shall be saved. I swear it! (*Exit into the cottage.*)

(*Darkness increases.*)

(*During this scene,* MARTHON *maintains her menacing attitude, until Westing's exit. Then she partially turns and maks a gesture of command to some one unseen. Enter, near her, a* Gypsy man. *She points him towards the table—making a gesture of stabbing. The man stealthily approaches the table, steals a knife, and returns, handing the knife to her. Exeunt* R. 3 E.)

(*Enter,* L. 1 E. MILLY *and* NED.

MILLY. Such goings on! such goings on! It's awful! that's what it is.

NED. It do be orful, Missis Milly, shor eneaf. 'E beant t'roight sort o' mon for t'measther to ha' roond him.

MILLY. Your *measther* is a dude;—hasn't brains enough to be a puppy. And that Westing is a base, deceiving hyppycryte. It ain't everybody that's as bad as he,—not by a dozen Canadian missionaries. He's a Philistyne.

NED. Who be Philly Stoyne, Missis Milly?

MILLY. A Philistyne, Ned, is a roaring, raging bad fellow.

NED. Ding! but oi never heerd o' she before.

What did taat Philly Stoyne do taat wor so bad?

MILLY. I don't know, Ned. Nobody seems to have thought much about that. But he was a bad fellow, all the same. I wish Sampson was here to kill this one.

NED. Who be's Sampson?

MILLY. Sampson was a Jew that had long hair.

NED. Ecod! Missis Milly, oi know taat chap.—Ee do sell old breeches in Fleet Street. Oi bought this breeches o' he.

MILLY. No, he isn't. Sampson lived in scriptur' times; and he killed three thousand Philistynes with the jawbone of a jackass.

NED. Sakes aloive! Missis Milly,—wot a lot o' weemen 'e did kill, an' aw nom'd Philly Stoynes.

MILLY. They wasn't women,—at least not all of them. You read your bible, Ned, and then you'll know all about it. But Miss Anna told us to clear away this table, and that's what we've got to do.

NED. (*as he and Milly are removing the table, turning*) Sakes aloive! Measther Sampson, taat deedn't sold me these breeches, killed three thousand jockasses wi' Philly Stoynes jawboan. Deed'st ever hear t'loike o' thot noo? (*Exit both, carrying table into the cottage.*)

(*Enter* ROCH. *and* WEST.)

ROCH. 'Nuther game, ole (*hic*) fellow. Le'ss 'ave 'nuther game h'and 'nuther bot—(*hic*) bottle.

WEST. Not to-night. Return to your adorable wife, and be a joy and comfort to her. (MRS. R. *comes to the door, weeping*) Bid her remember me always, as one to whom she can fly for refuge, should misfortune overtake her. *Au revoir.*)*Exit* L. 1 E.)

ROCH. O(*hic*)revaw—Orevaw(*hic*) woth'ever that means. (*Stumbles into the cottage, followed* MRS. R. *The cottage door is then shut.*)

(*Night advances. The Moon rises.*)

(*Enter* MARTHON, R. 2 E. *followed by Gypsy men and women.*)

MARTHON. (*pointing towards the background* R.) Fix our camp for the night yonder. The wandering children of Romany need no shelter save the dome of heaven and the tree-tops. (*Most of the Gypsies go to* BACK R., *light a fire and sit around it*) You, Sleuth, go and prowl over the grounds of the rich, and gather food. (*Exit Sleuth*, R. 1 E.) You, Maladic—noted you him upon whom my anger has fallen? (*Maladic bows.*) Then follow him like his shadow.—Watch him wherever he goes. Let not his slightest movement escape your gaze. Mark the threshold that he crosses, and then return to me. (*Exit Maladic*, L. 1 E.) The others, who work by daylight may sleep now. (*Gypsies lie down around the fire.*) For me there is no sleep, day nor night, while I have a mission of vengeance to perform; yet nature demands some relaxation of this muscular tension. I will recline upon this bank of earth. (*Sits, resting her head upon the bank.*)

(*Lights down. Enter* NED. L. 2 E., *with a meat-bone in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, from which he takes bites alternately.*)

NED. Dang moi boanes! oi'm hoongry eneaf to gnaw t'jawboane of Sampson's jackass. (*Lies down uneasily upon the rustic settee.*) Oi've got a domd hard bed here; but oi maun stay near Milly, t'laas taat oi loave. She be's sweet as hooney and ploomp as a peeg. (*nods and mutters*) Philly Stoynes jawboan an' three thousand jackasses. (*sleeps and snores.*)

(*Enter* MALADIC, L. 1 E.,—*sees Ned,—steals his food, then crosses over to Marthon, to whom he makes earnest and cautious gestures, pointing towards* L. 1 E. MARTHON *retires into* R. 2 E. MALADIC *joins the Gypsies around the fire*, R. BACK)

(*Noises and shouts are heard in the distance* BACK. MARTHON *suddenly appears among the sleeping Gypsies, arouses them, and, pointing* BACK, *says:* Go!—You know your duties; see that ye do your work.—*The Gypsies extinguish their fire and disappear.* MAR-

THON *returns stealthily to* R. 2 E.)

(*Noises increase, growing nearer and more distinct. Cries of* "Fire! fire!" *are heard; an illumination is seen* BACK, *and a bell is rung.*)

(*Enter* ROCH., *from cottage, partly dressed, followed by* MRS. R. *who tries to restrain him.*)

(*Enter* WEST., L. 1 E., *who pauses, watching Mr. and Mrs. R.*)

MRS. R. You shall not go! Oh, James! how can you leave me to-night, and you in this frightful condition?

ROCH. Mrs. Rochester: your 'usband 'as a duty to per(*hic*)form. As a h'onorary member of the h'Independ(*hic*)pendent Double Squirt h'Engine Comp'ny, h'I must go where duty calls me. H'ingland h'expex h'every man to do 'is duty. H'I command you to go back to the 'ouse. (*Breaks away from her, and runs staggering out* R. 3 E.

MRS. R. Oh! my God! he has left me! Gone! gone, in his drunken madness, and I fear some evil will befall him. (*springs forward towards* R. 3 E., *and falls upon her knees*) James! James! husband, come back. Do not tempt the dangers of the streets to-night! Oh! Heaven! his brain is awhirl, and he runs and staggers along with the mad crowd, hearing me not. I fear, oh! I fear that my happiness and peace are gone forever. Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Falls backward.*)

(*As Mrs. R. falls,* WEST., *who has come up behind her, kneels, catches her in his arms, supports her head upon his breast and kisses her.*)

MRS. R. (*faintly*) O, Jamie! Jamie! how good you were to come back to me. I——I——(*laughing hysterically*) I was near fainting, Jamie. You frightened me terribly. Let us go back to the house.—Help me to rise, Jamie; I——I am very weak.

WEST. (*arising with her*) Beautiful Anna! it is I who have come back to you.

MRS. R. (*opening her eyes and recognizing him*)—You here again! Wretch! (*struggles*) Monster! let me go! You have seen my husband maddened by wine, and now you dare to intrude upon my privacy. Wretch! Let me go! *She screams, breaks away from him, rushes to* C. FRONT, *and raises her arms towards the sky, exclaiming:* "Oh! my God! protect me,—protect me!" (*covers her face with her hands and sobs.*)

(NED *awakes and starts up, rubbing his eyes.*—WEST. *advances towards Mrs. R., and is knocked down by Ned.* MARTHON *springs forward with knife upraised to stab Westing, when Ned grasps her arm. Enter* MILLY, *from cottage, with a broom. Enter* BOWSER, *the policeman,* R. 3 E., *exclaiming:* "H'in the name of 'er Majesty, h'I arrest you h'all." *Milly confronts him with broom upraised, and he starts back in terror, dropping his club.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

——o——

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Same as in Act* 1. *Daylight. Ned is in the garden* R. BACK., *working with a hoe.*

NED. (*leaning on his hoe handle*) T'dom'd weeds wull groo gin they ony ha' hof a chonce. Gin folk wor yeatin' weeds, then t'corn wud koom oop an' choake out t'weeds. Onything to mak' aw quair an' contrair. Parson sez: man maun live by t'sweat o' his broo; an' oi theenk taat's whoy 'e has t'foight weeds in t'gairden an' rats in t'pooltry yord. Ding! beant this a quair woorld?

(*Enter* MRS. R. *from the cottage. She takes a seat on the rustic settee.*)

MRS. R. The quiet of my beautiful home has been broken, and I seem to have entered upon a new

phase of existence. Last night's scene with my husband was the worst that I have ever witnessed. He has fallen away several times of late, but never before so badly. To-day he must meet with his military company, and I fear that last night's dissipation has unfitted him for such duty. Yet he must go, or lose caste with his brother soldiers. I would have him adopt the profession of arms; for that might pave the way for his recognition by my father.

(*Enter* ROCH. *in soldier costume, awkwardly carrying a musket.*)

ROCH.—Don't you think that this uniform fits me very well, Anna? (*surveying his legs and arms*) That cloth cost me fourteen shillings per yard. Ain't you proud to 'ave a soldier for your 'usband?

MRS. R. To be a gallant soldier, James, should fire any man's ambition. The arduous duties of the field should teach him to bear bravely the struggles of life, and to be prompt and alert at every call to duty.

ROCH. Duty, dear. You should see 'ow well I've learned that in the ranks. There h'isn't a man that carries 'is musket braver than I, nor one that can manœuver with it better. See here:—first we carry arms—so; then we support arms—so; then we —— then we—let's see,—then we—O, we carry arms—so; then we present arms—so; (*accidentally discharges his musket; drops it in consternation, starting back and eyeing it suspiciously. A small branch from a tree falls upon his head, which terrifies him. Looking up, and trembling, he exclaims:* O, lud! I wonder h'if she's killed any larks! Who'd a thought she was loaded? (*Picks up the musket, holding it at arms' length.*) Well; that charge is h'out of 'er, and she won't bang away again, I 'ope.

MRS. R. You should be very careful, James, not only of your own gun, but of those of your comrades in the ranks.

ROCH. Who's h'afraid, h'Anna? Not h'I. But

sometimes h'I'm a little skeery, when the boys point their muskets h'at me h'and call me Corporal Yardstick. But I must be h'off, now. Never fear but h'I'll come back safe and sound. (*pompously*) Remember, Mrs. Rochester, that you h'are a soldier's wife. (*Exit* R. 2 E.)

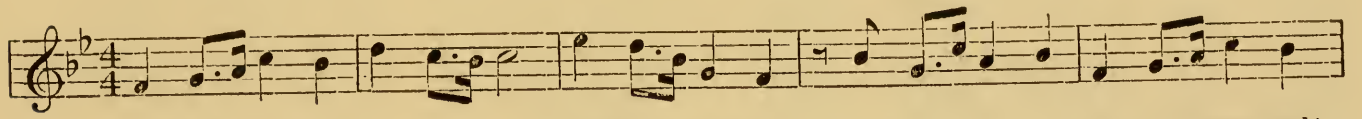
(*Exit* MRS. R. *into the cottage.*)

(*Enter* MILLY, *with a broom in her hand.*

MILLY. Master James came home last night——*Master!* how I hate that word! All helps here say "Master,"—the mean-spirited things,—and I suppose I ought to, to please my dear Miss Anna; but I won't,—I'll die first. Millicent Bloom aint anybody's slave, nor she won't be,—not by a cargo of contrabands; and if James Rochester doesn't like it, he can hump himself about it. But what was I going to say? O,—Mr. James came home last night wet as a drownded kitten, and limp as a ten-years old dishcloth, and looking as mean as a skunk in a parlor. Served him right—that it did, for getting drunk and abusing my dear Miss Anna, and almost breaking her heart by going off with that pack of roaring, raging rascals that always run to fires. But the wetting sobered him; and now he's gone to be a soldier, and strut around,—get ordered here and there and everywhere else, and to march so——(*Imitating a soldier marching, and performing the manual of arms with her broom.*)

☞ *The march should be commenced at four paces* L. *from* C. *and at* FRONT. *It should extend from* L. *to* R. *four paces beyond* C., *then back to four paces* R. *from* C.; *then* BACK *eight paces, wheeling on eighth; then across to* R. *eight paces, wheeling as before; then to* FRONT *in same order; then to* C. *as directed.*

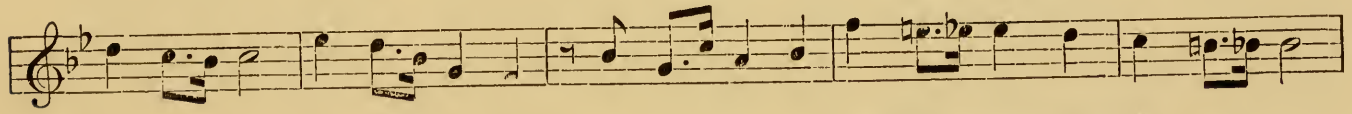
When an encore is expected, MILLY *should take care to move from* C. *to* L., *four paces, during the applause, for another commencement. The music and movement should be quick and spirited.*



Forward 4 steps and mark time 4 steps
Carry arms.

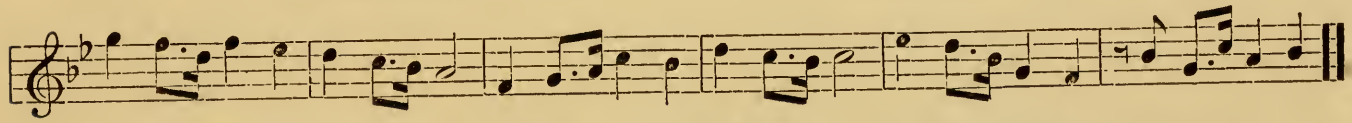
Forward 4 steps and mark time 3 steps, then left about.
Present arms. Carry arms.

Forward 4 steps and mark time 4 steps.
Right shoulder arms.



Forward 4 steps and mark time 3 steps, then file left.
Support arms.

Forward 7 steps, then file left.
Carry arms.



Forward 7 steps, then file left.
Reverse arms.

Forward 7 steps, then file left.
Carry arms.

Forward 4 steps and mark time 3 steps, then file right.
Order arms.

MILLY. That's about the way of it, I believe. I am sure that he's afraid of his gun, for all his strutting around with it in his regimentals. *He* a soldier! (*laughs scornfully*) Lud! I wish he c'd hear a real secesh yell. He'd drop his gun and run for the shop, like a scared dog to his master's cart. I can't see why my darling Anna came to take up with him.—But (*sighs*) I dare say love always goes where it is sent. (*Turns and calls:*) Ned,—come here. (NED *comes to her side from the garden.*) Do you know who I am in love with, Ned.

NED. Ecod! Missis Milly, soomtoimes oi theenk, an' theenk,—an' then oi don't theenk; an' then oi theenk agean; an' then oi dunno whaat to theenk; an' then oi goes a-theenkin' an' theenkin' ance more, an' oi gets mixed loike, an' then I gie it oop.

MILLY. Well, Ned, I know what I know; and if somebody that I know'll do what I want him to do, I'll see—I'll see what I'll tell him.

NED. Tell'ee whaat, Missis Milly, gin it be summut to do, oi'll do it, danged if oi doant.

MILLY. *coaxingly*) Ned Bunt, you're as proper a lad as any girl'd wish to have for a beau; and if anybody says you aint handsome, he aint no great judge of Indians.

NED. Waat be's a Eenjun, Missis Milly?

MILLY. O,—he's a wild, harum-scarum fellow with the whooping cough, that shaves people's heads with a tomahawk, and paints himself black-and-tan, and wears feathers and leather breeches, and eats buffaloes and grasshoppers, and washes his face with bear's grease. But never you mind about the Indian. He'd do what I want, because he's got spunk; but I'm afraid that you won't.

NED. Waat be it, noo, laas? Open your pooty lips an' tell your true loaver, an' oi'll gae throo fire for 'ee. Dash moi vitals gin oi doant.

MILLY. Ned, mark what I'm saying: if that Westing comes around here again, making moon-faces to your mistress, I want you to break every

1. My beau and I, one win - ter night, Were in the kitch - en sport - ing, Where
2. It burst as plump as lips could wish, And white as pas - ture clo - ver; I
3. What ting'd my cheek with blush - es so, As he ca - ress'd me light - ly? Per -

rall.

pop - ping corn was his de - light, And gay it made the court-ing. Court-ing, oh! the
kept it pop - ping till the dish Was full and run - ning o - ver. O - ver, oh! and
haps 'twas love, per - haps the glow Of em - bers shin - ing bright-ly, Bright-ly, oh! so

tempo.

court-ing. And gay it made the court-ing; He scorch'd his fin - gers, awk - ward man, Till
o - ver. Was full and run - ning o - ver; With fond ca - ress and ten - der sigh, He
bright-ly. Of em - bers shin - ing bright-ly; But then my dear - er hope was born, Of

fore'd by pain to stop it; I took the spoon and bak - ing - pan, And taught him how to
said the like was nev - er, And hoped that on - ly gen - tle I Would pop his corn for -
fu - ture joy sug - ges-tion; He kiss'd me as I popp'd the corn, And then he popp'd the

rall. *tempo.*

pop it, Pop it, oh! to pop it, I took the spoon and baking-pan. And taught him how to pop it.
ev - er, Ev - er, oh! for - ev - er; And hoped that on - ly gen - tle I Would pop his corn for - ev - er.
question, Question, oh! the question; He kiss'd me as I popp'd the corn, And then he popp'd the question.

bone in his body, and chew him up into hash, and spit him out around the back yard.

NED. 'Cod, Missis Milly, taat be a job; but oi'll troi,—oi'll troi. Gie me yan o' your sweet kisses, an' oi'll troi.

MILLY. Not now, Ned; somebody'll see us. You are a good, honest lad,—almost as good as the sweetheart that I had in America.

NED. Didst ha' a sweethoart in Meriky, laas?

MILLY. Yes; and he knew how to court, too.

NED. Tell me hoo they coort in Meriky.

MILLY. Well, then, listen, Ned.

(MILLY *here sings the song entitled:* "MY BEAU AND I."

(*Enter* JOSHUA HICKS, R. 2 E.

JOSHUA. (*to Milly*) I heard the notes of singing—yea, the voice of melody. H'm! It was like unto the song of the sweet songstress of Israel, when she did rejoice and sing,—yea, when she did exalt her voice to the twanging of the harp and the sound of the timbrel. H'm! I pray thee, friend, renew the strain which did fall so sweetly on my ears,—yea, like unto the gurgling of waters around a sunny headland.

(MILLY *dances around him and sings*):

He kissed me as I popped the corn,
And then he popped the question.

JOSHUA. Thy melody, maiden, is sweet,—yea, it hath a tripping measure; but the sentiment of thy song sinketh not so comfortably into my soul. It hath a cast of earthly vanity, like unto that of the merry but profane varlets who do besmear their faces, yea, with the abomination of burnt cork, and make sport for the unrighteous who do frequent the halls of mirth. H'm! But thee is a happy lass and comely. I would have further speech with thee, if the youth who attendeth thee will retire.

MILLY. (*to Ned*) Friend, will thee withdraw for a brief season!

(*Ned goes to* L. 1 E., *partially disappears, and remains there listening.*)

JOSHUA. What is thy name, friend?

MILLY. Millicent Bloom, friend.

JOSAUA. And the lad—is he thy brother?

MILLY. Nay; Friend Edward is not of my kindred.

JOSHUA. Does thee desire enlightenment in the faith, Friend Millicent?

MILLY. My soul is yet as an unplowed field, friend.

JOSHUA. Then will I,—yea, even I, Joshua Hicks, proceed to expound it unto thee.

MILLY. Proceed to expound, Friend Joshua.

JOSHUA. By thy looks and demeanor, Friend Millicent, I judge thee to be one of the unmarried daughters of this land.

MILLY. (*sharply*) Well, you're mistaken, Mister Hicks. I ain't. I'm an unmarried American girl,—born and raised among the Berkshire hills of old Massachusetts, where the farmers get up before sunrise to kill squash bugs; and they hoe their corn with horses, and have sunshine enough to make hay, which folks don't pretty muchly have in this foggy country.

JOSHUA. Thy father was a man that tilled the land, so that it yielded food in abundance for those of his household, and for his yearlings and fatlings.

MILLY. Yes, sir; most people do that for a living, up in old Berkshire.

JOSHUA. And he had herds that roamed through the meadows, yea, and flocks upon a thousand hills.

MILLY. Well, no; not exactly. Berkshire is pretty hilly—that's a fact; but my father didn't own quite a thousand hills; he let his neighbors own a few,—which sort of thing the landlords in this country don't seem to take to.

JOSHUA. Nay, maiden; I did but speak after the style of the scriptures.

MILLY. They read their Bibles, too, where I was raised.

JOSHUA. Doubtless, Friend Millicent, there are godly persons still remaining in the land of thy fathers. I deny it not, although the emigration of so many of the saints of thy land unto their Canaan,—yea, unto the realm called Canada, must seriously affect the fortunes of those who remain at home. I am told that they who do so emigrate thither, do pattern after the example of the ancient Israelites, who, when they fled from the fields of toil in Egypt, —yea, unto their Canaan, did spoil the Egyptians: did borrow from them their gold and silver, their precious stones and other vain things. H'm!

MILLY. Yes, sir; they help themselves pretty liberally.

JOSHUA. And doubtless the rulers of thy land, with chariots and horsemen, do pursue them, desiring their return.

MILLY. Yes, sir; they hanker after them a good deal; but the saints get over to their land of Canaan all the same.

JOSHUA. Friend Millicent, this is what I would say to thy private ear;——

MILLY. (*angrily*) I ain't a privateer! I'm a true-born Yankee girl; and I don't send out Alabamas, and—and pirates and blockade runners: and—and you shan't call me names,—that you shan't. (*stamps her foot in anger*)

JOSHUA. Verily, Friend Millicent, thee dost mistake my language and my intent. I said not that thee is a privateer—a vessel of war; I did but desire to speak to thee confidentially.

MILLY. Then why don't you speak out, and not gee and haw around so much?

JOSHUA. I will, maiden; peradventure my words will sound sweetly in thy pri——I mean: thy physical ears.

MILLY. Are you one of the doctors that go lecturing around and physicking people's ears.

JOSHUA. Nay; I am not. I till the land, with the help of my friends: Ephraim, Hezekiah, Nehemiah, Zebulon, and divers others. My friend Kesiah—she who was my spouse before the spirit came upon us and we resolved to establish our holy community of Shakers, or Friends,—yea, she who is the daughter of my friend Zerubabel Hinds, who doth expound in the meetings,—she, I say, hath handmaidens under her care who toil but lightly in the dairy-house and poultry yard. I would take thee to our home and place thee therein, if thee will dress and deport thyself as do those of our community. We are few in numbers yet; but we hope for large increase. Will thee go and abide with us.

MILLY. What!—leave my dear Miss Anna, that I love best of all the world, and go off with an old Philanderer like you? (*Sobs, and walks around in agitation*) Oh! you—you wicked old reprobate!—to come here and try to get me away from my darling girl, and my dear old blundering Ned.

(NED *comes to the side of Milly.*

(*Enter* BOWSER, *the Policeman*, R. 2 E.)

BOWSER. 'Ere you h'ar agin, my covey,—making a disturbance among the women.

JOSHUA. Friend, I know thee not.

BOWSER. But h'I knows you, my sly un. You're the pal that kicked h'up the row 'ere last night—tryin' fer to kill the Gvpsy Queen, who 'as swore h'out a warrant agin you for murder, h'and 'ighway robbery, h'and manslaughter, h'and 'idrophoby, h'an I dunno 'ow much more. H'I've got the warrant 'ere, h'and I'm goin to h'arrest you. Read that. (*hands a paper to Joshua*) Read that, my 'igh-flyer, h'and then come h'on to the magistrate.

JOSHUA. (*after glancing at the paper*) Friend, by this warrant thee is commanded to seize the person of one called Westing. I am not that man. Seek

him somewhere else. Begone, and disturb me no more.

BOWSER. But h'I say you h'ar the man, h'only you're got h'up now like a parson. 'Ere's your description h'exackly: "Tall, dark 'air and h'eyes, and h'im—h'imperus h'in manner." So, now, come h'along, my jewel. (*attempts to place his hand on Joshua's shoulder.*)

JOSHUA. (*starting backward*) Lay not thy hand upon me, man of the law, lest, peradventure, I do fell thee to the earth,—yea, do smite thee hip and thigh.

BOWSER. H'o! you're going to resist, h'ar you? Take that, then. (*Aims a blow with his billy at Joshua's head.*)

(JOSHUA *parries the blow, knocks Bowser down and places one foot on his chest.*)

JOSHUA. (*enraged*) I have smitten thee to the earth with the weapon of the flesh, thou base hireling of the law. Yea, and the spirit doth rage within me to destroy thee. But I resist; verily I stay my hand; nor will I further upbraid thee, lest, peradventure, I do violence unto my inward monitor. (*to Ned*) Art thou he whom the maiden doth call Edward?

NED. 'Ees, sor; ony she do ca' me Ned.

JOSHUA. I will thank thee, friend Edward, if thee will express, in the language of the unrighteous, the thoughts which rage,—yea, tumultuously do rage within my soul—even to the lifting up of my diaphragm, towards this varlet of the club,—language which my tongue would fain utter, but which is forbidden unto me.

NED. 'E's a dom'd fule and a h'owdacious jockaws.

JOSHUA. Thee is correct in thy utterance, friend Edward, to the extent of that which thee has uttered. Yet of a truth it is not sufficiently forceful in quality, and in quantity it is scant. I pray thee

try again,—yea, mightily to exalt the horn of thy wrath.

NED. (*to Bowser*) Thee's a dom'd weazen-faced, platter-lickin' son o' a slunk puddin'. Thee is a Philly Stoyne knocked doon wi' t'jawboan o' Sampson's jockaws! Thee doant knoo a parson fra a pirate, nor a gairden fra a coo-yaird. Get oop! get oop! tell'ee, an' tak' t'dom'd caircass soomwhor else!

(*Exit* BOWSER, R. 2 E.)

JOSHUA. Yea and amen! H'm! Verily I am comforted by thy words of wrath, friend Edward. The tumult which did oppress me now doth subside, even as cometh down calm and peace upon the souls of those who do walk in green pastures and beside the still waters. I thank thee, friend Edward, for taking upon thyself the grievous burden of my wrath. Thee is a trusty lad—one handy and helpful at a pinch. I would fain have thee, together with the maiden, Millicent, depart hence with me and abide with our community, where thou canst assist my friends, Ephraim, Zebulon, and divers others in the labors of the field.

NED. Noa; oi canna leave t'good Missus, and Missis Milly taat sez she a'moast loaves me. Missus be's t'best an' sweetest leddy in a' t'toon, an' oi'll dee for her.

MILLY. (*clapping her hands*) Hurra for Ned! hurra! (*hugs him*) That she is,—that she is; and those that say she isn't aint no great judges of saints. Ned, while there's breath in our bodies we won't desert her.

JOSHUA. Thee is a worthy lad, friend Edward; and thee, friend Millicent, is one of a thousand,—yea, one of ten thousand. Thee is a handmaiden comely to the eye of the flesh and comforting to the spirit. My soul did yearn towards thee when thou didst clasp the neck of thy friend; and my arms,—yea, my rebellious arms did half extend themselves to embrace thee. Happily, the spirit did wrestle

valiantly with the flesh, and conquer in time to save me in the great trial.

(*Enter* MRS. ROCHESTER.)

MRS. R. I heard loud, angry words a short time ago. Surely they could not have been uttered by you, sir, who, by your garb, I take to be a Friend,—a man of peace.

MILLY. No, Miss Anna; it was'nt the Shaker alone. It was Bowser, the policeman, who is after that Westing, for making a disturbance here last night.

MRS. R. Mr. Westing! Is he here again.

NED.—Noa, Missus: he beant hereawa'. Gin he wor, oi'd braak a' ees boans. Booser thowt the Shaaker Hicks,—him that's you—(*pointing towards Joshua*) wor he; an' he wor a-goin' to knock him doon for troyin' to moorther t'Gypsy Queen.

MRS. R. Absurd! However, I trust the matter will be dropped. I do not wish to be involved in any such proceeding. (*to Joshua*) Friend, is there any matter in which I can be of service to you?

JOSHUA. No, Friend Anna. I did intend to pause but a moment on thy grounds, attracted by the voice of thy handmaiden as it was poured forth in song. I was beguiled into conversation with her, which was interrupted by the man of the law. I take leave of thee and these thy friends. Should thee or thy servants ever have urgent need of a friend, I pray thee remember Joshua Hicks. That man am I. Our community of Friends is but a few miles distant from London, as thou travelest east. (*Exit* R. 2 E.)

MRS. R. Milly, I have packed a basket of food for poor old Sarah Stubbs, the charwoman and rag-gatherer, which I wish to send to her. It is too heavy for you to carry; but as you know where she lives, please go there with Ned, who will carry the basket.

MILLY. Yes, dear. (*to Ned*) Come, horse—pack!

NED. Haw! haw! Thee be's a rare driver, Missis Milly.

(*Exit* MILLY *and* NED *into the cottage.*)

MRS. R. I feel weary and heavy to-day, as tho' some calamity were impending over me. (*takes a seat on the rustic settee, and leans her head on her right hand*) I am not accustomed to thoughts of so dark a shade as those which now oppress my poor brain. Oh! heaven! I trust nothing fearful will occur. I am haunted by a terror which I cannot throw off—scarcely control. (*covers her face with both hands and sighs heavily.*)

(*Enter* MILLY *with bonnet on, and* NED, *bearing a large basket. They cross the stage and exit* R. 1 E.)

(*Enter* WESTING, L. 3 E. *He advances cautiously and pauses behind Mrs. R.*)

——Still the question comes up in my mind: Do I love my husband? I do not know. I cannot tell. Still the voice, often heard, and now more distinctly than ever before, sounds in my ears: Didst thou well?—didst thou well? Only those three words; and ah! what changes do they ring in my soul! as I contemplate the path upon which I have entered, and read the sad story which the future is telling. Can I endure to the end? *What end? When will it come?* Oh! I have tasted the cup;—I must drink it, though bitter be the dregs.

WEST. (*softly*) Not so.

MRS. R. (*in affright*) What voice was that? Who spoke? (*turns her head, sees Westing, and arises and confronts him*) Sir—how came you hither and what mean you?

WEST. I have come, honored madam, to offer an humble apology for my conduct last night. I was wrong. Having superior intellect and wisdom, I should not have consented, even tacitly, to your husband's fall into the condition of brutality from which your unbounded patience and your angelic goodness

had partially raised him. I have had a few hours of calm reflection; but I own that my better nature did not wholly prevail, until your words, just spoken, fell on my ears, revealing a soul pure and noble, but torn and outraged by a terrible emotion.

MRS. R. Did you listen to my words, sir,—words intended for no mortal ears but mine? It was base, unworthy of a man of honor.

WEST. Humbly and with shame I confess it. It was unintentional. I was held by a fascination which I could not resist. But the effect has been for my good,—it has won me to virtue. It shall be for your good, also, if, as I fear, the time shall come when you will need the counsel of a true friend—a brother. O! pardon me, and believe that I speak only as the highest demand of honor should impel an honorable man.

MRS. R. I am half convinced of your sincerity, sir, by your words,—almost wholly so by your demeanor.

(*Enter* SARAH STUBBS, L. 1 E., *with a large bundle of rags on her back. She stumbles and falls, scattering rags around.*)

MRS. R. Gracious! What have we here? Poor old Mother Stubbs! (*Goes to her.*)

WEST. Good mother, did the fall hurt you? (*Assists her to arise, and replaces the rags in her bundle.*)

MOTHER S. Not much, thankee, kind gentleman. I had one of my stitches of rheumatiz just then.—Whenever they ketches me, I allwus falls.

MRS. R. Your bundle is very large and heavy. Go and sit on the porch until Ned returns, when he shall go with you and carry it to your room. He and Milly have gone thither now. I sent them with a basket of food and a few other things for your comfort.

MOTHER S. As you have often done, good, honored lady. I think I sh'd a-perished without your charity. But the door of my poor room is locked,

and your servants cannot get in. I will hurry after them.

MRS. R. Leave your bundle here. I will send it to you.

MOTHER S. Thankee kindly, good lady, and you too, sir, (*to Wisting*). Not many finely dressed gentlemen would a-done for me what you have to-day. God will bless and prosper you for it. (*Drags her bundle to the cottage porch, and exit* R. 1 E.

(*Enter*, R. BACK, *stealthily*, ROCH. *and* MARTHON. *Rochester is drunk. The woman carries his musket. She points exultingly towards Westing and Mrs. R., and whispers to Roch. in dumb show. She and Roch. cross over to* L., *back of the cottage, and disappear,—partially appearing again, but for a moment only, at* L. 3 E.)

WEST. This is a bright day in my calendar. I have met a pure, spotless woman. I have seen squalid misery, old and toiling, bravely battling with the trials of life, honest, hopeful, God-trusting. It has painted a white spot on my soul. Please place in the poor woman's bundle this purse, (*hands a purse to Mrs. R.*), and I beg you to let her believe that you are the giver.

MRS. R. (*putting the purse in her bosom*) Not so. She shall know who her generous benefactor is, that she may join your name to mine in her nightly devotions. Your goodness of heart, thus manifested in kindness to her, has won my esteem and friendship. I have had hard thoughts of you, sir; but in their place I now feel only the regard of a sister. This shall deepen in the future, should you continue honorable.

WEST. Henceforth, dear lady, my highest ambition shall be to prove myself worthy of the regard which you have so sweetly bestowed upon me. I cannot be your husband's friend, for he is unworthy. (MRS. R. *gives a slight start*) Nay; let me not offend;—your own soul must confess that my words are true.

MRS. R. (*looking down and sighing*) Alas! I must school myself to bear my sorrow with patience.

WEST. (*taking her hand, kissing it, and retaining it while speaking*) May the good angels keep me ever loyal in my holy regard for you. I go now; but I will often return, to prove my sacred devotion.

(*Enter* MILLY *and* NED, R. 1 E.)

ROCH. (*partially entering* L. 3 E.) Ye(*hic*)yes, damn you both; we'll 'elp your courting.)

(*A gun is discharged near* L. 2 E. WESTING *falls.*)

MRS. R. (*screaming and running to* FRONT C. *with her hands over her eyes, and blackening her face*) Oh! oh! oh! I am blinded! I am blinded! (*Falls into the arms of* MILLY.)

MILLY. Oh! my dear, darling Miss Anna! Oh! my precious, my sweet Anna! (*Supports her as she sinks to the ground.*)

(ROCH. *and* MARTHON *run across from* BACK L., *and escape* BACK R.)

(NED *runs to Westing, kneels and raises his head.*

WEST. I am shot through the shoulder. Go and help your mistress, boy. (*Swoons.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

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ACT III.

SCENE 1. *A room in the mansion house of Denleigh Manor.*

(*Enter* SIR HUGH DENLEIGH, *with hat and cane, as from a walk.*)

SIR HUCH. The morning air of the park has refreshed me, after a night of troubled, feverish sleep. I am strangely oppressed of late. My last night's dream was wild and startling in its distinctness. Its

terror haunts me. I try in vain to drive away its impression upon my mind. Ah! memory! memory! Fate! fate! *My motherless child!*—once my darling,—but now—— Oh! that dream! What does it portend? I saw her in poverty, distress and danger,—buffeted by the world and jeered at by venomous tongues. Anon she was drifting far out on an angry ocean, clinging to a frail spar, while the waves were curling and hissing around her. I tried to reach—to save her; but ever the billows interposed and hurled me back. Drifting—drifting,—she passed from my sight, as I awoke, affrighted and trembling. (*Enter a* SERVANT, R. 1 E. *He hands a letter to Sir Hugh, who, giving his hat and cane to the servant, opens the letter and reads in silence for a moment*) ——Heavens! what is this? (*to servant*) You may retire. (*Exit servant* R. 1 E.) (*reads*) "Permit one with whom you are not acquainted to address a few earnest words to your soul and its keenest sensibility. I pray for your mercy in behalf of your daughter,—once erring, no doubt, but now in deepest distress: made blind by the brutality of her husband, and houseless, almost homeless. I, who am her friend—who have sworn to be to her as a protecting brother, went to her house to-day, and learned, alas! that her little property has been squandered away by her husband, and that now, driven from her door by the officers of the law, she has gone—no one can tell whither. The only clue that I have gained as to her fate, is that, with her maid-servant, she went away with an old charwoman whom she had befriended. I shall cause active search to be made for her. I am suffering from a severe wound; but with such strength as I have I will second your efforts to find her. LOUIS WESTING."

Here, then, (*gazing at the letter*) is the interpretation of my dream. My Anna,—my motherless darling—is blind, in poverty, and houseless! What distress her silly love emotion has brought upon her! Westing!—who is Westing? Ha! I wonder if he is

one of the Westings of Dale-Westing, at the north. If so, he comes of good stock, and may be honorable. But where is he? (*scanning the letter and envelope in agitation*) Fatality! fatality!—there is no address in the letter, and the postmark is so indistinct that I cannot make it out. I will go by the swiftest train to Dale-Westing, and perhaps I shall there learn where he resides,—then back to the rescue of my poor, blind, homeless daughter. (*calls*) John!—John! (*Enter servant* R. 1 E.) Hector and the phæton at the door in five minutes! Tell William to saddle Bess, and ride with speed to the station. If the Northern Limited has not passed, let it be signaled to stop and held there, on a case of greatest emergency. (*Servant bows and exit*, R. 1 E.) (*Exit* Sir Hugh, L. 1 E.

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SCENE 2. *An obscure street in London. Two houses are seen* R. *and* L. BACK, *with an alley between them running back to the river Thames, where vessels are seen. Laborers are moving around* BACK. *On the corner of the house* L. *is a rude sign which reads:*

SARAH STUBBS—CHARING DONE.

On the opposite house is a swinging sign hanging over the alley which reads:

JIN AND SHERY. LADYS AND JENTS CUM IN & VELCUM.

Both buildings have practicable doors opening upon the alley, and the house L. *has also a practicable window, front, before which stands a rude wooden bench.*

(*Enter*, L. 2 E., SARAH STUBBS, *carrying a large bundle on her back, and* MRS. ROCHESTER, *with a ribbon tied over her eyes, led by* MILLY, *who also carries several bandboxes and packages. They enter the door of the house* L. *whence* MILLY *quickly comes out.*

MILLY. (*advancing two or three paces*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My! My! My!—Of all the

upsets in this awful world, I don't believe there ever was another like this. (*Several laborers gather near and listen to her*) Darling Miss Anna with no home to go to but this tumble-down old shanty that is stuck in the nasty mud. Jim Rochester, her good-for-nothing husband (Ugh I could scratch his eyes out!) has gone to the devil——and I'm sure I pity the Devil——and the sheriff has turned us out of doors. If it hadn't a-been for Mother Stubbs, we'd a-had nowhere to go to for a shelter.

(*Excitement among the Laborers, and cries of* "Good for Mother Stubbs!")

——Oh! it's a nice mess that awful, awful fellow has made of marrying!——(I could tear his hair all out!) I'd as soon have a lank yellow dog for a husband as such a man as he. He's worse than a thieving, sneaking Pawnee. But it's done now, and it can't be undone. I suppose I've got to be the mainstay of this part of the crowd, and I will be, as long as my fingers hold out. Ned, the dear boy, is working for Farmer Shaker Hicks's people, and he has promised to give me all of his wages to help support Miss Anna. I do love that good, honest, sober fellow, for all he's only a lout that doesn't know how to court worth a cent. But perhaps that's a blessing, after all; for love and green wood won't make the kettle boil. I'll go to sorting and selling rags with Mother Stubbs, who, if she is poor, has got the biggest go-to-heaven heart of anybody that I've seen in this foggy, nasty-smelling city.

(*Hats off and cheers among the* LABORERS,—*one of whom enters the house* R., *quickly returning with a tumbler full of liquor, which he hands to Milly.*)

MILLY. (*taking the tumbler in her hand*) I thank you, friend, just as much as if I'd a-drank the whole barrel. I'll touch the glass with my lips and give you a toast which you may all drink. Here's to Sarah Stubbs, who found the jewel, Charity, in a

heap of rags. (*Touches the tumbler with her lips and hands it back to the man.*)

(*Laborers drink, handing the tumbler around.*)

(*Enter* MOTHER STUBBS, *from the house. Laborers cheer her.*)

MOTHER S. Thankee, friends. I know the good 'earts you 'ave, h'if you are poor, 'ard-working men.

MILLY. Well, Sarah Stubbs; you've got your hands full of us now. You've taken a big contract; but I hope it'll turn out to be a good one for you.

MOTHER S. I aint a-complainin' dear,—leastways, I aint sorry for myself. I do feel awful bad for the poor lady that's been brought so low by misfortun'—I do.

MILLY. It's Satan agin Providence. Mind what I say, Sarah Stubbs,—its Satan agin Providence.—But as long as I've got fingers to pull, and toes to kick, I'll fight for Providence.

MOTHER S. The Lord'll provide, dear.

MILLY. Yes; but we've got to help the Lord, while he's providing. He won't take a lot of lazy people on his lap and feed them with mush and milk, —let alone beef and vegetables.

MOTHER S. We must both do our best, dear. It was one of my lucky chances that I was a-passing by the 'ouse, and saw you and the good lady sitting near the turnstile all forlorn like.

MILLY. Sarah Stubbs, you are first cousin to the good Samaritan.

MOTHER S. I havn't any kinfolks of that name.

MILLY. The good Samaritan was a scripture man. He found a poor fellow one day that'd been shot and kicked about by a lot of Jericho cowboys, and he took care of him and paid all his tavern bills.

(*Excitement among the* LABORERS.

——But we're talking about everything except business. Now I propose that you and I hold an executive session, with open doors.

MOTHER S. What's a zeccative session?

MILLY. O,—it's what they do in Congress, only they turn everybody else out,—because they don't have spunk enough to let people know what they're a-doing. You and I've got to see what's what and what we can do about it.

(*The window of the house* L. *is raised and* MRS. R. *appears near it.*)

(LABORERS *utter exclamations of pity.*)

MRS. R. I wanted a little fresh air, Milly, and I found the window and opened it.

MILLY. It's mighty little fresh air you'll get, my precious, from this street; but I'm glad that you've done it; for we're going to hold a caucus over our affairs.

MRS. R. A caucus! Milly.

MILLY. Yes. That's what they do in America, when somebody wants a nice political job. We're going to see how this family is to be supported.

MRS. R. Oh! how sorry I am that I've brought all this trouble upon kind Mother Stubbs.

MOTHER S. (*sobbing*) I thank the good Lord that sent me to your 'ouse this day. It's a precious load that He has given me to bear.

MILLY. Sarah Stubbs, it isn't everybody that's as far along on the road towards heaven as you are,—not by seven miles and a half. And now to business. We can't get rags unless we go for them, or send. It's slow work going;—I think we had better send.

MOTHER S. Who will you send, dear? and where will they go?

MILLY. Let me alone for that. I propose a partnership. What do you say?

MOTHER S. Whatever you like, dear.

MILLY. Have you a large card, and a marking-pot and brush in the house?

MOTHER S. Yes, dear.

MILLY. Then please fetch them.

(MOTHER. S. *fetches a large piece of cardboard, marking-pot and brush from the house.*)

MILLY. Now see here,—I'm going to paint a sign. (*Writes on the card, while the* LABORERS *gather near, watching her*) There,—how will that do? (*reads*) :

STUBBS & BLOOM.
Cash paid for Rags,
&
Please to hurry them along.

(*Hangs the card against the side of the house* L.)

(LABORERS *excitedly exclaim :* "Bully for you, Miss!" "Hurra for the Yankee girl!" "Let's help her!" "Let's get rags for her!"—*Exeunt laborers* R. *and* L.)

MILLY. Now we'll investigate the buttery. My dear girl needs her supper, and I'm hungry, too.

(*Exit* MILLY *and* MOTHER S. *into the house.* MRS. R. *retires from the window.*)

(*Enter* ROCHESTER, R. 1 E., *drunk and untidy. He staggers towards the window* L. BACK, *which is hastily shut.*)

ROCH. 'Ello!—'ow's this? (*looks at Milly's sign*) H'old Stubbs' got a pardner. She's comin' h'out a-bloomin'. H'I'll bone 'er for a shillin'. (*goes to the door and raps. No response. Continues to rap, and calls out*): H'I say, h'old woman—h'open the door.

MOTHER S. (*Partially opening the door and looking out*) What do you want?

ROCH. H'I say, h'old gal,—h'I'm broke—busted—played h'out; haint got a farden, an' h'I'm 'ungry. Tip us a tanner, h'old queen o' guineas.

MOTHER S. I am very poor. You mustn't come here to beg.

ROCH. But h'I say, h'old lady—my wife has guv you many a pund, an' h'I've come to collect the h'interest. (*laughs in a drunken manner.*)

MOTHER S. I know you now, James Rochester. If you don't go away, I'll call the police.

ROCH. Damn the navvies. H'I can lick Bowser h'any day. H'if you don't guv me a shillin', h'I'll bust your bloomin' h'old door,—see'f h'I don't.

MRS. R. (*inside*) Here is a shilling, mother. Give it to him.

(*Mother Stubbs hands him the money.*)

ROCH. Good for your pardner, h'old lady. Who is she?

MOTHER S. Go away now, and don't come here again. (*Closes the door.*)

ROCH. Cuss me h'if I don't though. The h'old gal's pardner res(*hic*)respex h'onest pov'ty, h'and I'll bone 'er for a tanner h'every day. (*Crosses over to the house* R. *and enters the door.*

(*Enter* WESTING *and* BOWSER, L. 1 E. *Westing's left arm is in a sling. They stop near the entrance.*)

WEST. You say that the lady and her maid have come to this house. (*points towards the house* L.

BOWSER. That's vere h'I've traced 'er, sir; h'and a good bit of vork it vos.

WEST. This, then, is where the rag-gatherer lives.

BOWSER. That's the 'ouse, sir; (*stares at the sign*) ——blowed h'if the Yankee girl 'asn't h'already set h'up business. Look yon, sir. (*pointing.*)

WEST. (*reading the sign and laughing*) She has, indeed. I have read a good deal about Yankee *grit*, but I never saw it exemplified before. Mrs. Rochester is in safe hands, for I think her maid is faithful and devoted to her. This assurance leaves me free to act in her service. She must be quickly removed from this miserable place.

(WESTING *and* BOWSER *partially withdraw.*)

(*The window of the house* L. *is cautiously opened, and* MILLY *peeps out, then closes it again.*

BOWSER. That's the maid, sir.

WEST. I recognize her. Let us watch a few moments.

(*The window is again opened.*)

MILLY. (*looking out*) If that sneak discovers that we are here, then good-bye to peace till somebody throws him into the river.

(*Enter* R. & L., LABORERS, *fetching packages of rags which Milly receives through the window.*)

MILLY. I will weigh them, friends, and hand out your money.

(LABORERS *variously reply:* No money, lass. We give them to you. We'll fetch more. Hurra! for the brave Yankee girl.

WEST. (*aside, to Bowser*) All is well for the present. Here is my card; (*hands B. a card*) take it to Prof. Blagdon, the occulist, in Piccadilly. Tell him to come hither to-morrow morning, and examine Mrs. Rochester's eyes. Say to him that I will call upon him to-morrow at twelve o'clock sharp, to hear his report. Here are two guineas. (*hands B. money*) I will double the sum to you, if you will conduct the Professor hither.

BOWSER. H'I'll be true as steel, sir. 'Opes you'll speak a good vord for me to the chief. H'I wants to rise, sir.

WEST. I will do so. Now go. the Professor must have this card in one hour. Find him, wherever he may be. (*Exeunt West. and B.*, L. 1 E.)

(*Enter* ROCH. *from the house* R. *He staggers towards the window, which Milly hastily closes.*)

ROCH. 'Ello! h'old Stubbs; who's your pardner? Bring 'er h'out, you h'old princess o' shillin's. Bring 'er h'out, h'old woman, and le'ss see 'er shine! (*Goes to the window and shakes it.*)

(LABORERS *angrily exclaim:* Drunken brute! Kick 'im! Give 'im a pounding! Duck 'im h'in the river! *They seize Rochester, drag him down the alley, and throw him into the river, from which they rescue him, and then force him out of sight,* BACK R.

(*Enter*, L. 2 E., NED, *in Shaker garb, bearing a large basket of flowers.*)

NED. This be t'hoose, sure*ly*, where Friend Missis Milly an' Friend Missus Anna be's,—yah, veri*ly*, h'm! Oi'll knock on t'doore. Peradhaps they be's hereaway. (*Raps on the door.*)

MILLY. (*opening the window and looking out*) If it's that dreadful villain again, I'll scream murder. (*turning her face*) Sarah Stubbs, don't you open that door.

NED. Sure*ly*, yea, veri*ly*, h'm! taat be's friend Milly's voice. (*Comes around the corner.*) Missis Milly! Missis Milly! it be's ony oi.

MILLY. O,—it's you, is it, dear old Ned. I'm glad to see you. Wait a moment. (*Comes out from the door.*)

NED. Oi's moighty glod to see 'ee, friend Missis Milly—t'laas taat oi loave as t'peeg loaves t'water brookes. H'm!

MILLY. Why, Ned, have you turned to shaking with the Shakers?

NED. 'Ees, friend Missis Milly. Friend Ephraham 'ee do say taat oi ha' t'speerit; an' loike eneaf oi do, for oi feel quair an shaky loike soomtoimes.

MILLY. Ned, it isn't every spirit that can catch as good a boy as you are,—not by a graveyard full of lunatics. But what have you here? (*pointing to the basket.*

NED. Soam poosies for 'ee an' t'good Missus; an' yere be a bit o' mooney, (*hands her money*) to help 'ee in tribulation an' sorrow. H'm!

MILLY. Ned Bunt, you're as good as a whole gospel wagon load of street missionaries. You're fine gold. (*Raps on the window and calls*): Dear Miss Anna and Mother Stubbs, come out. Here's Ned; and he's brought us money and flowers.

(*Enter Mother S. from the house, leading Mrs. R.*

MRS. R. Where are you, Ned? (*feeling around*) Come and take me by the hand, you faithful boy.

NED. (*wiping his eyes as he takes her hand*) Oh ! it do be awful to see 'ee in thees a-place, an' thee bloind, dear friend Missus Anna. It do braak moi yeart loike.

MRS. R. True heart! I have yet much to be thankful for, with such tender friends around me. My misfortune is perhaps a just punishment.

NED. (*vehemently*) Noa ! tell'ee ; noa ! friend Missus. Thee be's too goode to be used in this a-way. It's dom'd—h'm !—it be too hard for thee wha never hurt yan o' God's creeters. It's na Proovidence taat done it ; it be's t'dom'd—h'm !—it be t'Devil, sure,—blaast 'ees boanes ! (*Throws his hat upon the ground*)

MRS. R. We must all be resigned, true friend. How can I thank you for helping me ? Milly says that you have brought her money for our expenses. I would refuse to receive it, if I did not think my refusal would give you pain.

NED. (*resuming his hat*) Taak it, friend Missus, an' mooch goode may it do 'ee. Oi'm yearty glod taat oi'm able to help 'ee, in sore misfortun' an misery. An' yere be poosies, Missus. (*Hands the basket to her.*)

MRS. R. (*taking the basket and smelling at the flowers*) How kind ! how generous ! how thoughtful !—Roses, lilies, pinks and pansies. They are very sweet and fresh.

(*Enter* WESTING, L. 1 E. *He motions all to keep silence respecting his presence, as he advances.*)

(*Enter, unperceived,* MARTHON, R. 1 E. *She withdraws partially.*)

(*Enter* LABORERS, R. & L., *fetching more rags, which Milly receives—thanking them. Laborers cluster around Mrs. R., gazing with delight at the flowers.*)

NED. Oi'll fetch more poosies, friend Missus Anna ; an' peradhaps t'sweet friend Missis Milly can sell 'em, gin she troys. Taat'll may-be help 'ee.

MRS. R. Compassionate, thoughtful boy ! I, too, must do something. I will distribute them among

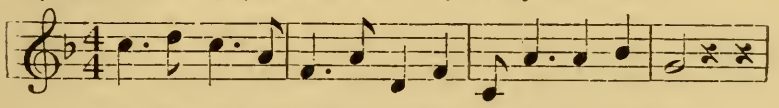
the faithful people who are giving rags to Mother S. and Milly. (*Makes offers of the flowers.*)

(LABORERS *variously exclaim:* Sell them, poor lady. Sell them. We'll buy them, *etc.*)

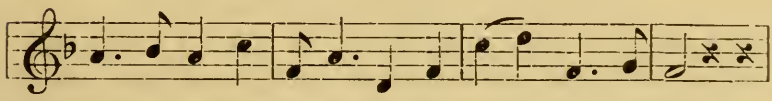
MRS. R. If you so wish, good people, I will sell them to you. I cannot see to pick over rags; but I can sing, if you would like to hear me.

(LABORERS *exclaim:* Good! Good! *etc., and search their pockets for money.* WESTING *motions them to desist,—holding up a piece of gold.*)

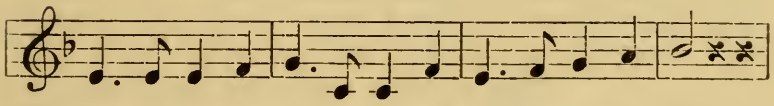
(MRS. R. *sings, while handing out flowers*):



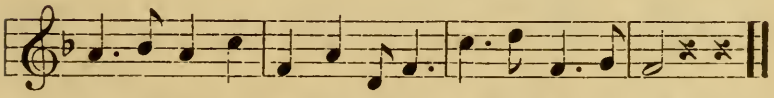
1. I am blind, bereaved, and lonely, Pit - y thou poor me;
2. Buy my darlings, buy my flowers, Fresh from dewy lea,
3. Here's a vio - let, modest, neatest, Hued like az-ure sea,
4. Help the lone-ly, blind, despair-ing, Pit - y thou poor me,



I've but pleasant wish-es on - ly, Kind one, for thee.
Born among the summer bow-ers, Kind one, for thee.
Shedding per-fume pur-est, sweetest, Kind one, for thee.
Like the gen - tle an-gel ear - ing, Kind one, for thee.



Earth for thee hath scenes of beauty, Skies are blue and fair;
Here's a rose-bud, rich, the rar- est Daughter of the day,
Here's car-na - tion, pal-ing, blushing Like a maid - en meek,
Buy my dar-lings, buy my beauties, Children of the sun,



Mine is but a life of du-ty—Hope is nought but care.
Here's a li - ly, dear-est, fairest For a bright bouquet.
With the warm life-currents flushing O'er her downy cheek.
They will teach thee ten-der du-ties, Till their day is done.

(*During the singing*, WESTING *takes flowers from her hand, which he distributes among the laborers,—at the same time dropping gold coins into the basket.*)

(LABORERS, *with suppressed voices, exclaim :* Gold ! Gold ! Good for the stranger ! *At the close of the song, they exclaim:* Ten golden guineas ! Hurrah ! for the stranger,—*swinging their hats.*

NED. Hooroar ! hooroar ! didst ever see t'beat o' thot ?

(WESTING *motions all not to reveal his name. Exit Westing.*)

MRS. R. Who is this stranger, that has bought the flowers at such an enormous price? (*feels around*) Let me take him by the hand and thank him.

MOTHER S. He's gone, dear lady, without telling us his name.

MRS. R. May Heaven reward him.

(LIGHTS *down—night is coming on.*)

MILLY. (*to Mrs. R.*) It is beginning to grow dark, dear. Let us go into the house and prepare for the night. (*to the Laborers*) Friends, noble-hearted Englishmen, we will pray for you to-night.

(*Exit* LABORERS, R. & L. BACK, *with hats off.*)

MRS. R. Yes; we will pray for them and for the generous stranger. Ned, take my thanks and blessings with you as you return to the community. God will surely reward you. Good night.

NED. Goode noight, friend Missus Anna. Oi'll koom agean,—oi'll koom agean, wi' moore poosies an' mooney for 'ee.

MILLY. Ned, it isn't everybody that I'd let kiss me,—not by five cents' worth of dudes. But you, Ned,—if it would obleege you——why——(*offering her cheek.*)

NED. *awkwardly kissing her*) Hooney an' t'hooney coomb! H'm ! Oi can taste it noo. (*smacking his lips.*) Ecod ! H'm ! Efegs ! it do run aw doon moi

back loike. Goode noight Missis Milly, moi dear loave. (*Exit* L. 1 E., *carrying the basket.*)

(*Exit* MRS. R., MOTHER S. *and* MILLY *into the house.*)

(*Exit* LABORERS, R. & L. *and down the alley, exclaiming:* God bless the blind lady! Hurrah! for Mother Stubbs. Hurrah! for the brave Yankee lass.

MARTHON. (*advancing cautiously*) Ha! it was gold! bright, shining gold! and from *his* hand, who never crossed the poor Gypsy's palm with even a silver sixpence. Ha! one shall know of this whom they would scarce care to see. From the hand of my enemy! curse him!—and into *her* hand instead of Natton's! into the hand of his new mistress!—Silly fool! (*makes a gesture of menace towards the house*) minion!—clutch well your gold! It may not be yours to-morrow. (*Exit* R. 2 E.)

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SCENE 3.—*Evening. A plain Room in a Shaker's house. A table and a lighted candle are represented on the right side.*

(*Enter* JOSHUA HICKS, L. 1 E., *counting on his fingers.*

JOSHUA. Three yearlings, at one pound ten each, is four pound ten. Verily the trading was not brisk; but it sufficeth. Better a little, with thankfulness, than great riches with a proud stomach. H'm! And the poultry and eggs,—likewise the vegetables and apple sauce,—they sold fairly—yea, fairly. A trifle more on the pound for the rolls of butter would not have been too much; but it was passing well. The day hath not been altogether propitious! but the sunshine of prosperity may come on the morrow.

(*Enter* WESTING L. 1 E., *hastily, as though from a rapid drive.*)

WEST. (*aside*) This must be the man.

JOSHUA. Does thee seek any one, friend?

WEST. Yes; I have come to see one Joshua Hicks.

JOSHUA. I am that man, friend. What is thy wish?

WEST. (*removing his hat*) I have come to you, sir, on an errand of mercy and charity.

JOSHUA. Thee is welcome, friend. Cover thy head again. Removing the hat when conversing with a fellow man is a vain custom. It smacketh of the manners of the idolators. What is thy name, and what does thee require?

WEST. (*putting his hat on his head*) I am Louis Westing,—of the family of Westing of Dale-Westing.

JOSHUA. Verily, a good stock,—albeit somewhat vain; but honorable and of long ancestry. Speak thy wish, friend Lewis.

WEST. I have come hither from a scene of poverty and wretchedness,—honest industry, but great destitution. A lady who, as I have learned, is the daughter of Sir Hugh Denleigh, of Denleigh Manor, is in deep distress. One year ago she married, clandestinely, an ignorant, low-bred fellow, who has squandered her property and maltreated her.

JOSHUA. Maltreated, did thee say?

WEST. Yes. In a fit of jealousy and drunken fury, he caused an assault to be made upon her with a loaded musket, which blinded her and wounded me. He escaped, and is still in hiding. I shall not prefer a charge against him, as I would spare his wife the pain and scandal of a legal proceeding.

JOSHUA. Verily he was a man of wrath. I trust he had no cause for his jealousy.

WEST. (*raising his hat*) None, so help me Heaven.

JOSHUA. It is well, friend Lewis. What does thee require, in which I can be of service to thee and her?

WEST. I beg an asylum for her until such time as I can see and prevail upon Sir Hugh Denleigh to pardon and receive her again in the home of her

youth. Meantime, as her need is urgent, I have secured the services of a celebrated occulist in London, who will visit her to-morrow morning, in her present place of abode, examine her eyes, and perform an operation upon them, if he deem it possible that her eyesight can be restored.

JOSHUA. Thee has done well, friend Lewis.

WEST. She is now in a miserable lodging, in the city, in the midst of poverty, but surrounded by those who would die in her defence, if need be. I would have her brought to this lovely place, where, if her eyesight be restored, she shall behold, from the first, only pure and pleasant scenes.

JOSHUA. A daughter of him who is called Sir Hugh Denleigh! It is strange. And in poverty and wretchedness! Fetch her hither, friend Lewis. She shall find a home with us,—albeit not like to the splendor and luxury of Denleigh Hall.

WEST. I thank you, sir, for her and for myself. I will pay whatever charges you may make for her entertainment. Poor, suffering Mrs. Rochester will find comfort, tenderness and repose here among your peaceful people.

JOSHUA. Mistress Rochester! did thee say?—Hath she a handmaiden named Millicent? and did she dwell in a cottage nigh unto the river?

WEST. The same.

JOSHUA. (*aside*) I marvel that friend Edward did not tell me of this misfortune. (*to West.*) Is the handmaiden still with thy friend?

WEST. Yes. They were both taken by a rag-gatherer named Stubbs, whom Mrs. Rochester had befriended, to her miserable room, where they are at present sheltered. Milly, the maid,—a thoughtful, shrewd Yankee girl,—has even established a rag-gathering business, with Mrs. Stubbs, for the support of her mistress; and, from the way that she manages, I think she will soon have all the rag-pickers in that part of the city in her employ, if she is not removed from among them.

JOSHUA. (*dryly*) Very likely, friend,—yea, very likely. I, too, can testify as to her energy and astuteness. Fetch both the mistress and the maid, also the rag-gathering woman, even she that is called Stubbs. They shall all be welcome to our hospitality. Yet wait. Tarry thou with us to-night. The morrow will be the Sabbath, wherein neither we nor our beasts may work. The succeeding day will be market day, and I may not neglect the weighty affairs of our community. If on the third day of the week thee will come hither, I will go with thee to the present abiding place of thy friend, and offer her a home among the people of our faith. I will order thy beast to the stable, and give thee supper and lodging. (*Exeunt* L. 1 E.)

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SCENE 4. *Same as scene second.* LIGHTS *low down. Night.*

(*Enter* MARTHON *and* ROCH., R. 1 E., *peering cautiously around. They advance to the window* L. *and try to open it. It is fastened securely. They go to the door, which Rochester forces open with a jimmy. He enters the room. Marthon comes back to the window. Soon are heard screams and cries of* Thieves! thieves! murder! help! MILLY *opens the window, screaming:* Thieves! help! help! *Marthon seizes and tries to choke her.* LABORERS *enter* R. & L. 2 E. *They seize Marthon, force her down upon the bench and hold her there. Rochester comes from the door, grasping one end of a purse, which* MRS. R. *tries to prevent him from stealing. He drags her out, saying:* "Let go, you jade! Westing's mistress! Let go!" *Throws her to the ground.*)

MRS. R. (*falling*) Oh! Heaven! it is my husband!

(*Enter* MOTHER S., *who goes to the assistance of Mrs. R.*)

(*Rochester tries to escape* R. 2 E., *but is caught by Laborers, who drag him to the bench where Marthon*

is held. Laborers tie the hands of Marthon and Roch. together with a cord which Milly hands them from the window.)

MILLY. (*to Laborers*) Take them away, please, and give them cowboy justice:—five minutes for spiritual refreshment, and a swift run—up a tree.

(*Exeunt Laborers with prisoners*, R. 2 E.

MILLY. (*looking right and left from the window*) Where, oh! where is my darling girl?

MOTHER S. (*who is kneeling beside Mrs. Rochester, supporting her head*) She is here, dear. Come and help me.

(*As they are trying to raise Mrs. Rochester from the ground, the* CURTAIN *is lowered.*)

END OF ACT THIRD.

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ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A City Street.*

(*Enter* WESTING, L. 1 E., *leisurely walking to* C., *where he suddenly stops and gazes to* R. E. *earnestly.*)

WEST. A wonderful likeness, truly. Can it be possible that it is a deception. I will certainly speak to him.

(*Enter*, R. 1 E., SIR HUGH DENLEIGH, *with a card in his hand which he consults.*)

SIR HUGH. This is the street where he resides. His hotel must be near. (*advances to* C.)

WEST. (*to Sir H., raising his hat and handing him a card.*) Pardon me, sir, if I am wrong. Your resemblance of a lady in whose welfare I am greatly interested must be my excuse for accosting you.

SIR HUGH. (*gruffly, as he takes the card*) Very strange proceeding! (*Slowly wipes and adjusts his eye-glass, then looks at the card.* Ha! (*aside*) the very man that I am looking for! (*to Westing*) Your par-

don is most gratefully granted, sir; for, if this card does not deceive me, I am deeply in your debt for the promise of valuable service in the cause of a beloved member of my family. I am Sir Hugh Denleigh.

WEST. Then I am truly fortunate. I am, as my card announces, Mr. Louis Westing. I had the honor to address a short note to you a few days ago, in the interest of Mrs. Rochester, who was in poverty and distress. As I received no reply from you, I feared that my appeal had been made in vain.

SIR HUGH. (*testily*) But how the Devil, man, was I to reply, when I didn't even know where you were?

WEST. Did not my letter inform you, Sir Hugh?

SIR HUGH. No; it had no address. But your appeal was not in vain. I have been searching for you from the very moment in which I read your letter. I have just returned from Dale-Westing, whither I went, hoping there to receive information which would put me in communication with you.

WEST. Could I have been so stupid as to omit my address? But I was suffering from pain at the time of writing. That, doubtless, was the cause of my carelessness. Now, however, that I have met you, and my reception has been so kind, I cannot but feel that all will soon be well for your daughter.

SIR HUGH. The scoundrel who maltreated her—where is he?

WEST. Sentenced by the court to transportation for life, for burglary and attempted murder,—the particulars of which I will give you anon.

SIR HUGH. Then I am truly happy. Will you take me at once, sir, to the house where my daughter is staying?

WEST. She is no longer in the city, sir. I sought the aid of a community of very worthy people,—Shakers, peaceful and kindly,—whose settlement is a few miles distant from the city, and with them she is now living—contented and measurably happy,—breathing pure air and receiving the kindest atten-

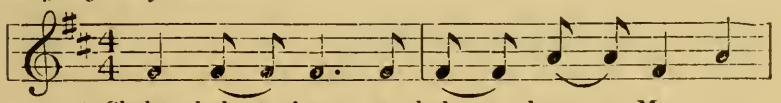
tions. I have a thoroughbred which will take us there in twenty minutes. I and my horse are at your service, Sir Hugh.

SIR HUGH. (*with emotion*) That I can be truly grateful to you, sir, I trust that the future will abundantly show. I will call upon my solicitor, for a few minutes' consultation, and in one hour I will be at your hotel, ready to accompany you. Meantime,—(*both raise their hats, bow in silence, and exeunt—Sir Hugh* R., *Westing* L.

—

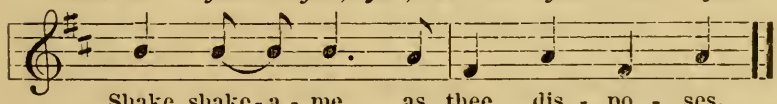
SCENE 2.—*The Shaker Settlement, by Daylight. In the background are two plain Houses. In the foreground is a lawn with two long benches* R. & L. *parallel to each other.*)

(*Enter, in single files,* SHAKER MEN L. 3 E, SHAKER WOMEN, R. 3 E. *They gravely march down and take seats on the benches facing each other. At a signal, given by the male leader, they arise and dance—singing as follows:*



1. Shake, shake a - long, a - shake a - long a - Mo - ses,
2. Shake, shake a - long, a - shake a - long a - Da - vid,
3. Shake, shake a - long, a - shake a - long a - Pe - ter,
4. Shake, shake a - long, a - shake a - long a - Dan - iel,

* CHO. *Hi - yah yah, yah, hi - yah hi - yah.*



Shake, shake - a - me as thee dis - po - ses.
Shake, shake - a - me, till I am sav - ed.
Shake, shake - a - me, till I am sweet - er.
Shake, shake - a - me, if I grow ear - nal.
Hi - yah yah, yah, hi - yah hi - yah.

* To be sung after each verse.

☞The hands should hang dangling, nearly as high as the breast, and the movements should be perfectly simultaneous. Advance three steps and recede three steps. Repeat this. Then, in the chorus, standing in lines, each should turn, respectively

R. & L., working their hands up and down, as tho' beating time—3 beats R., 4 beats L., and *vice versa.* After each chorus, all, standing, the two lines facing each other, should rise on their toes and say—*H'm!*

(*After performing the dance, then gravely file out,* R. & L. 3 E.

(*Enter* MILLY, *dressed as a Shakeress.*)

MILLY. I wonder what this'll all come to. Here am I a-shaking and a-hi-yahing with a pack of crazy fools; and Mother Stubbs, she's a-shaking and hi-yahing; and Ned, he's a-shaking and hi-yahing, ditto,—and bless me if I know what it all means. I ain't certain that I've got the right kink of the elbow yet,—(*working her hands up and down, as in the dance*); but I do the best that I can. Under the circumstances, I think this is the proper thing to do, for our part of the crowd is a shaky lot, anyway. If it were not for the sake of my poor blind darling, I'd shake the community and get out of it in a hurry. We're a heap better off than we were in that filthy street in the city, among the fever-breeding rags. They're neat, hospitable people here. If they would stop shaking and hi-yahing, they'd be a very decent lot.

(*Enter* JOSHUA HICKS, *who comes to Milly's side.*)

JOSHUA. Friend Millicent, did not the man of medicyne proclaim that Friend Anna would recover her eyesight this day?

MILLY. Yea, Friend Joshua; he commanded that we remove the covering at the seventh hour,—even at the going down of the sun.

JOSHUA. Peradventure she and thee may decide to remain with us and become shining lights of our faith.

MILLY. Peradventure we may (*aside*) not. H'm!

JOSHUA. Friend Millicent, how doth thee feel?

MILLY. I feel, Friend Joshua, I feel very queer,—yea, with a sort of rising in my stomach, like unto

dough that hath been leavened. H'm!

JOSHUA. It is doubtless the operation of the spirit, Friend Millicent. I pray thee do not keep it down.

MILLY. Yea, Friend Joshua, it is doubtless as thee sayest; for it seemeth to ascend—to uplift, as it were, my diaphragm.

JOSHUA. Of a truth thee is in a goodly way. Let the trouble of spirit abide with thee for a season, and the turmoil will subside. Thee will come out bright and clean,—yea, a lamb redeemed.

MILLY. H'm! Already do I feel relief, yea, as one to whom a medicyne hath been administered. H'm!

JOSHUA. Does thee still yearn for the pomps and vanityes of the world, Friend Millicent?

MILLY. Nay, Friend Joshua.—veri*ly* not; (*aside*) not by a ten-foot sermon and a doxolo*gy*.

JOSHUA. Of a truth, Friend Millicent, thy conversion hath been sudden. I welcome thee to the fold, and will now bestow upon thee the embrace of fellowship and the kiss of peace. (*Attempts to embrace and kiss her.*)

MILLY. (*slapping his face*) You horrid old goat! You—you santimonious abomination! (*throws her bonnet at his head*) if you try that again, I'll scratch your eyes out!

JOSHUA. (*in confusion*) Friend Millicent! Friend Millicent! why this violence and agitation? I did but offer thee kindness and brotherly fellowship.

MILLY. Kindness and brotherly fiddlesticks!—I don't want such fellowship from an old Philandering bell-wether like you! If you don't behave yourself, I'll pull your hair all out. I'll make you see stars in your coffee for six months.

JOSHUA. Consider, maiden; thou, and she that is dear unto thee,—yea, even the youth, Edward, are dependent upon me for protection. Thee must suppress thy anger.

MILLY. Now look here, Joshua Hicks: if you so much as lay one straw in the way of the peace and

comfort of my darling Anna, I'll blow you up before the whole community. If you don't treat Ned right, I'll raise a swarm of hornets about your ears, that'll make you want to take a mule train for Jerusalem by way of Jericho.

JOSHUA. (*in consternation*) I am penitent, maiden. I humbly do confess that for a moment the spirit yielded to thy charms and beguiled me; for thee is very comely and sweet,—yea, as honey, that hath a slight flavor of sharpness. I will see that thee and thine are well cared for while abiding here; and I will hasten thy departure to dwell among thy people in the peace of thy proper society. (*Exit* L. 3 E.

MILLY. There, now! I've gone and done it, this time; but I ain't sorry,—I'm glad! The old he goose! I've fixed him. He won't make love to me again in a hurry. *Resumes her bonnet*) Now I must be a Shaker again. (*demurely*) Peradventure the spirit will return to me. H'm! (*Exit* R. 3 E.

(*Enter*, L. 1 E., SIR HUGH DENLEIGH *and* WESTING.)

WEST. I have purposely neglected until now, Sir Hugh, from telling you that I sent a celebrated occulist to see your daughter. After performing a delicate operation upon her eyes, he has assured me that she will recover her eyesight, even naming the time that the bandage shall be removed from her eyes and she be permitted to open them in the light.

SIR HUGH. Your thoughtful kindness, sir, beggars my gratitude. It was a service that I ought to have rendered; but you know the reason why I did not: that I knew not where she was. When will the appointed time arrive?

WEST. At seven o'clock this evening.

SIR HUGH. It is nearly that hour now. I long to see and embrace her.

WEST. Please, in this instance, to be guided by me, Sir Hugh. A sudden shock, before she has had time to recover from the change, might be injurious

to her. I promise that you shall embrace her in a few minutes.

(*Enter* NED BUNT, L. 3 E.)

SIR HUGH. (*to Westing*) Is this the Shaker, Joshua Hicks?

WEST. No, Sir Hugh. This man was formerly Mrs. Rochester's servant. At the time when she found herself reduced to poverty, after being blinded, this faithful fellow came hither to work. His little accumulation of wages he recently placed in the hands of Mrs. Rochester's maid, to help in supporting them both.

SIR HUGH. A good fellow,—I will richly reward him.

NED. Oi doan't want ony reward, friend, for doin' whaat wor roight an' Christian loike.

SIR HUGH. Well said, my faithful boy. Nevertheless I will find some way to do you good. Is your mistress in one of these houses.

NED. Gin ye means friend Missus Anna, she be's yon. (*pointing to the house* R.)

SIR HUGH. (*to West.*) Can we rely upon this man's discretion?

WEST. We can rely upon his faithfulness, and I think he is discreet.

SIR HUGH. (*to Ned*) Can you contrive, my man, to have your mistress——I mean (*aside*) Oh! how can I speak that name!——(*to him*) Mrs. Rochester walk out upon the lawn, so that I may see her?

NED. An' wha for wud thee see her? She be's bloind an' sad,—t'poor leddy.

WEST. (*to Ned*) This gentleman, Ned, is Mrs. Rochester's father. He has come to rescue her and take her back to her girlhood's home.

NED. Oi axes pardings, oi do, friend. Thee shall see t'good leddy. Oi'll bring her to 'ee at ance.

SIR HUGH. For reasons which I cannot now explain, my man, I do not wish her to know immediately that I am here. Can you keep my secret, and

contrive some pretext for her to walk out upon the lawn?

NED. 'Ees, friend. Wudst ha' t'maid coom wi' t'leddy? She weant walk oot wi'out friend Milly.

SIR HUGH. Yes, if that be necessary.

NED. Then, gin she knows thee, thee'd betther hoide behoind yan o' t'trees; for friend Milly do ha' oies taat be vary broight an' sharp.

(*Sir Hugh and Westing retire partially within the entrance* L. 1.)

(*Ned goes towards the house* R., *but quickly returns to Sir Hugh and Westing.*)

NED. She wor joost coomin' oop fra t'back lawn. (*Goes back towards the house.*)

(*Enter* MRS. R. *and* MILLY, R. 3 E.)

MRS. R. How sweet and fresh the air is, Milly. Oh! would that I could now see this peaceful home to which Mr. Westing has brought us.

MILLY. Be patient, dear; you will soon see it.

SIR HUGH. *aside, with emotion*) Oh! my motherless darling! I can scarce restrain my impatience to clasp you in my arms.

WEST. Pray suppress you emotion, sir; a shock to her now might be deeply injurious. In a few minutes the time will have expired. The shadows of evening are now coming on. By using great caution, after the bandage is removed, you can approach her and receive her embrace.

(LIGHTS *partially down.*)

MILLY. Ned, please fetch a chair for my precious girl.

(NED *fetches a chair to Milly.*)

——Now, my darling, sit down. In a few minutes I will remove the ribbon from your eyes.

MRS. R. (*taking a seat*) I shall see again! Oh! joy,—I shall see your dear face, this beautiful place, and the kind ones that have given us shelter.

(*Enter, dressed as a Shakeress,* MOTHER S., R. 3 E. *who advances to Mrs. R.'s chair.*)

MOTHER S. The Lord be good to you, dear lady, in this hour.

SIR HUGH. (*to West.*) Who is that woman?

WEST. She is the faithful old rag-gatherer, who gave your houseless daughter a home—the best that she had to offer.

SIR HUGH. (*weeping*) My God! my God!

MILLY. (*to Mrs. R.*) Now sit still, dear. I will call your Shaker friends around you, who will be glad to congratulate you. (*Goes up* C. *towards the houses, and calls loudly*): Friends, come now! It is the time for my darling to see you.

(*Enter,* R. & L. 3 E., *Shaker men and women, who gather near Mrs. R.*)

MILLY. I wish the kind Mr Westing were here now.

WEST. (*to Sir Hugh*) Permit me to leave you for a few moments, sir. (*Advances—Sir Hugh retiring*) (*To Milly*) I am here, Milly. Did you think that I could be absent from such a scene as this?

MRS. R. Let me hold your hand, kind sir, while the ribbon is being removed. I think it will give me strength to sustain my joy, or to support my sorrow, if the experiment prove unsuccessful. (*Takes Westing's hand*) You have done so much for me, that I would have my gaze rest upon you at the very first, if I shall indeed be so fortunate as to see. (*To Milly*) Is it time, dear?

MILLY. Yes, my precious. May Heaven be kind to you now, poor angel!—suffering so much and uncomplainingly. (*She removes the ribbon and throws a thin, light veil over Mrs. R.'s head.*)

MRS. R. O, Milly! I can see! I can see! (*raises her hands aloft, clasping Westing's hand*) Kind Heaven! I thank thee for my restored vision. (*to West.*) Yes, good friend, I see again your pleasant face; and yours, Milly; and yours, dear old Mother

Stubbs; and the faces of all these kind ones. And I behold this beautiful landscape. But, (*shading her eyes with her hands*) the light gives me a slight pain. In a few moments I will look again.

WEST. Yes, dear lady; and then you shall see another face that will throw the sunshine of love into your cup of joy.

MRS. R. (*slightly agitated*) Another? Oh! not *him!*

WEST. Calm yourself, dear madam. It is one that you will rejoice to embrace. Pardon me for leaving you for a moment. (*Goes to* L. 1 E., *and returns with Sir Hugh.*)

MILLY. My!! O, joy! joy! joy!

MRS. R. (*opening her eyes and springing up*) My father! O, Heaven! It is my loving, forgiving father! (*Throws herself into Sir Hugh's arms.*)

MILLY. Home again! Ned; home again! (*Seizes Ned and hugs him.*)

SIR HUGH. Yes, poor sufferer; it is indeed a loving father that holds his motherless darling in his arms,—never again to be estranged—never to cease loving her.

MRS. R. O! my father.—my noble father;—I have been so wilful—so erring!

SIR HUGH. Remember it not, darling. All is past,—all forgiven. I am here to take you back to to your home,—poor, wounded bird!

MRS. R. Home! home! shall I again, in peace, see my dear home? And my friends, and my pets: will they, too, give me welcome?

SIR HUGH. Nothing is changed there, Anna. Your beneficiaries, the poor, have been fed every day from the door of the hall, or in the cottages; your birds are singing by the mansion windows; your fawn is looking for you with its great, sad eyes; your beautiful greyhound will leap the high wall of the park to come to you when he hears your voice, and your white pony will whinney you a glad note of welcome.

MRS. R. My home! my friends! my pets! But, father, *sadly*) this terrible stain! can it ever be removed? I am still bound by a hateful chain. (*In agony, lifting her hands aloft*) Oh! Heaven! Heaven! mercy! mercy!

SIR HUGH. Be comforted, dear. I have another great joy in store for you. The scoundrel to whom you gave your hand cannot, with strict legal right, claim you as his wife.

MRS. R. Not married!

SIR HUGH. Yes, married,—and with such legality of form, that no deeper disgrace attaches to you, Anna. Mr. Westing has informed me that, at the trial of the man called Rochester, and the woman, Marthon, for burglary, the woman made some damaging statements against the fellow; among others, this: that his real name is John Boggson. This fact will release you, my daughter, from all further danger from him arising out of the marriage, for the complete annulment of which I have already instructed my solicitor to commence a suit. It seems the fellow, by nature and birth vulgar, had pride as well as cunning. He assumed the name of an honorable family to deceive his employers, through which he also entrapped you.

MRS. R. What an escape I have had. I knew nothing even of the trial.

SIR HUGH. For that you may thank Mr. Westing. Through his representations, (the testimony of the laborers being sufficient to convict,) you were not called to the trial; and his delicacy went so far as to cause your maid and Mrs. Stubbs to be spared. The woman, Marthon, has been rescued by some of her Gypsy band; the man will leave England on a convict ship which sails to-morrow.

MILLY. I told you so, Ned. I told you so. *He* a Rochester! the thieving sneak! I told you so, Ned.

NED. Ecod! Missis Milly, moi dear loave, thee did say that, veri*ly*,—h'm!

MOTHER S. I give the joy, friend Anna. Thee will go to thy home with gladness. I shall pray for thy peace here among these worthy friends, who have offered me a home with them.

MRS. R. May God forever bless you, true Christian woman. Take this kiss, and never forget Anna. (*Embraces and kisses her.*)

SIR HUGH. It only remains for me, Anna, to thank and remunerate these good people, and then to take you and your maid to the old home.

MRS. R. My father, will you also take Ned, my devoted servant, without whose help my sufferings would have been greater?

NED. (*laying his hat upon the ground*) There!—dom'd if oi shaak ony moore.

MILLY. (*removing her bonnet from her head, and laying it upon Ned's hat*) That is also my remark, Ned,—all except the swearing.

SIR HUGH. Yes, Anna; for I think your maid would not care to go without her devoted bachelor, if the common signs do not fail. I will take them both into my service. They shall have a cottage of their own for I think they will soon wish to set up independent housekeeping.

MILLY. No. Sir Hugh. After we have seen my precious Miss Anna once more safe in her father's mansion. Ned and I will emigrate.

MRS. R. Emigrate! Milly. Would you leave me?

MILLY. Only for a year, darling. We will go to America. Ned will become so rich that we can return and set up for high life, with servants and liveries.

SIR HUGH. Rich! and in a year?

MILLY. Yes, Sir Hugh. Barnum, the showman, will give Ned ten thousand dollars a week, to exhibit as the honest man that Diogenes, with his lantern, was looking for in the streets of Athens.

WEST. (*laughing*) How could he personate that man, Milly? Diogenes lived thousands of years ago.

MILLY. O,—that's nothing to Barnum.

JOSHUA. (*coming forward*) Friend Hugh, I wish thee joy; and thee, friend Anna; and thee, friend Westing.

WEST. My greater joy is yet to come, if I may venture to hope that, after a suitable time has elapsed, I also may go to Denleigh Hall,—go as a suitor for the hand of the only woman that I have ever loved. (*To Mrs. R., taking her hand*) Will you bless me with this hope, dear lady,?

MRS. R. (*confused and stammering*) My father,—I——I——

SIR HUGH. Pardon her confusion, Mr. Westing, and let me speak for her. If, at the expiration of one year from this day, you will come to Denleigh Hall, she shall then answer your question with my approbation.

WEST. The months will be long, Sir Hugh; but hope will brighten as they pass. If wishes were wings, time would fly swiftly for a waiting lover.

JOSHUA. Friend Hugh, we of this community marry not, neither do we give in marriage; but we wish well to all persons who deem wedlock necessary to their happiness. The youth Westing is honorable. He will exalt the horn of thy house. I shall grieve for friend Edward,—yea, as for a lamb taken for the slaughter.

(MILLY, *aside.* He isn't a sanctimonious old Philandering bell-weather, though.)

——Respecting him who has been sentenced to the penal colony,—yea, the man Boggson, let me remind thee of the quaint saying handed down from the time of the ancient sages,—yea, peradventure from the mouth of Diogenes himself:

"THEE CANNOT MAKE A WHITE SILK PURSE OUT OF A BLACK PIG'S EAR."

The Curtain falls. End of the Melodrama.